MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE — HORTICULTURE — RURAL LIFE — EXCELSIOR — LITERATURE — SCIENCE — ARTS — NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 29.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861. {WHOLE NO. 601.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

A NUMBER of inquiries before us on practical matters we will endeavor to answer as directly and in as few words as possible, without giving the questions, as their import will be evident from our notes. We will thank our readers for further information on any of the subjects discussed.

Food of Man and Animals.

IT has perhaps been pretty well proved that about seventy ounces of bread, or twenty of beef, or eighteen of peas or beans, or six of cheese, eaten daily by man, will supply the waste of the body. Of potatoes, to accomplish the same object, it will require nine or ten pounds, and of milk about three quarts. Yet no one would remain in a healthy condition for a long time, if confined to a highly concentrated diet exclusively. Nature has provided for both man and beast a great variety of food, much of which, like potatoes, turnips, &c., may be grown in large quantities, but are not highly nutritious. The stomach is also suited to a varied diet, and where very strong food is used too freely, or rather too exclusively, this organ becomes impaired. Nor is it best to confine man or animals to a diet containing but little nutriment in proportion to its bulk. This gives the stomach too much labor to obtain the sustenance required by the system. This organ requires exercise, and enough of it, but should not be overworked. The animal system will accommodate itself to circumstances and necessities to a great degree, but we must not ask too much or make changes too sudden. The natives of India will consume such immense quantities of rice as to astonish Europeans, but this they are accustomed to from childhood. A horse that has been fed for a number of years on grass, hay, and bran, will exhibit his keeping even in his form, which a time under the hands of the "jockey" will materially change.

Manures—Preservation and Value.

HORSE MANURE is one of the most energetic of the animal manures, and is very easily injured; in fact, without care to give proper treatment, most of that made in summer will be about ruined. BOUSSINGAULT found that when horse dung was allowed to become *thoroughly* decomposed it lost nine-tenths of its weight and more than half its value. This was not the effects of burning, but of perfect decomposition. Where the manure is burned in the heap it is little better than ashes. This can be prevented by the application of water to the manure heap, frequent turnings and making compact piles, but this is attended with a good deal of trouble, and few have water in sufficient quantities convenient. Mixing with sod, scrapings of the roads and walks, swamp muck, &c., will retard decomposition, and should always be composted with horse dung. Manure, however, cannot be made in the summer without trouble, and the farmer should, in the spring, apply to the land all that he has on hand, and it is better to give corn a good top-dressing before the first or second hoeing, thus using all the accumulation up to that time, than to risk keeping over. This course we have pursued with good results. After this the orchard may receive a top-dressing and a shallow plowing. Such an application will not be wasted. Where manure cannot be taken care of, it is best to apply it to the land at once, where it will be accomplishing some good.

The manure of horned cattle contains so much water that it ferments slowly, and may be composted with less trouble and less danger. For this reason it is good to mix with horse manure. Although it is really of less value than the former, yet from the better condition in which it is usually preserved, it is often found to answer a better purpose in practice. The value of manure, however, depends more upon the food consumed than upon the animal by which it is produced. The manure of birds, for instance, is the most powerful, mainly because they feed on grain and insects. The wonderful effects produced by a small quantity of guano, is in consequence of the fact that the birds which produce it feed entirely upon fish, and make their deposits where there is no rain to wash away the most valuable and soluble portions. Flemish farmers pay $20 a load for the manure of tame pigeons, which are kept almost exclusively for this purpose, yielding their owners a good revenue.

Wood Ashes.

ASHES are exceedingly valuable for sandy soils, and appear to be prized most highly where they are scarce and expensive. Long Island farmers and gardeners use them freely, although they are dear, being subjected to hundreds of miles of carriage, while here, a hundred bushels are sent away for one used on the land. We once increased a potato crop 20 per cent. by the use of 80 bushels of ashes to the acre, over that treated in every way similar, except the ashes. The land had received a pretty good quantity of stable manure the year previous, being in corn, the soil a yellow chestnut loam, which had been pretty badly run. A heavy clay may be much ameliorated in a few years, by the liberal use of ashes and coarse manure. In fact, if such a soil is well drained and subsoiled, so that the water will pass freely off, a few years of such treatment, always taking care not to work it when too wet, will effect a most beneficial and surprising change in its texture. We know of no better way to ameliorate a clay soil.

THE BREED IN THE PAIL—JUNE GRASS.

MY friend SELDEN ALLEN, of Middlebury, weighed a Durham Cow on the scales at Wyoming, on the 1st day of June. He weighed the same cow on the 1st of July—one month afterwards—and found she had gained a fraction over *two hundred pounds!* So significant a circumstance requires comment—she gained about seven pounds per day *on grass*, and "June grass" at that.

Perhaps it is not known, if so, it should be, that June grass, *in the month of June*, is about the most fattening food that can be given to an animal. It is not like some of the grasses, deficient in nutritive qualities, but it has a firm stalk, not much leaf, and at that season furnishes in its *seed the most concentrated nutriment.* Whoever wants to fat an animal, and omits to get it in good feed in the month of June, lets slip a golden opportunity. Grass operates upon the secretions of the animal, playing the part of victuals and medicine, and so puts the whole system into the condition of healthy development, and produces results such as I have named by answering "constitutional requirements." *Be sure and feed off your June grass pastures, in the month of June,* for they pass rapidly from the *best* pastures in the world to the *poorest.*

My father was emphatic on this point:—"*Have good grass,—it is the cheapest of all ways to fatten cattle.*" I have known a hundred men, and a few dozen over, who, rather than pay a good price for good pasture, have had to expend twice the amount in *grain* to produce the same result. Two to four shillings a week is about the range asked for pasture,—be it first rate *good*, or first rate *mean*, has no "perceptible influence on the market."

Any man that keeps his cattle in poor pasture, sinks every week twice what good feed would cost. Stock farmers can procure grazing lands cheap in Southern New York, and in marshy and mountainous districts generally.

One word more about *that* cow. I sold her to Mr. ALLEN three years ago, remarking to him that she was a good cow for milk, and would keep in better order at a straw stack than any cow I ever knew. I selected her from Mr. WADSWORTH's herd, at Geneseo, making a very careful examination both in reference to milking and fattening qualities, and have not been disappointed either in her or her offspring, several of which I retain.

It is a very nice thing to have a cow exactly fill all the corners of a box, but there is a practical *hardihood and thrift* that is not carried into an animal, nor always pedigreed to them, nor attached to any of the *five* or *forty* "points of excellence" laid down in books.

A smooth, hardy, hearty-looking cow that furnishes her *certificate* to the *milk-maid* (that's a piece of romance copied out of old books,) is *the* "Dutchess."
—H. T. B.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

SWORDS vs. PLOWSHARES.

THE writer has received from JOHN P. REYNOLDS, Esq., Secretary of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, a circular entitled "Grand National Exhibition and Test of Arms," in which sundry grand gold and silver medals are offered for the best of sundry weapons of war, embracing breech and muzzle-loading rifled cannon,—twelve and six pounders,—rifles, muskets, carbines, revolving pistols, fowling-pieces, shot, shell, powder, gun carriages, ambulances, and other military goods. The issue of this circular by a society organized to encourage the Arts of Peace has caused many comments, pro and con, among people who *must* express their opinions, whether wisely or not. LEAD PENCIL, Esq., says he met one of these commentators the other day. He was riding rapidly along a back township-lane, or street, and came suddenly upon his old friend Capt. CHOWDER, who was a long time ago the commander of a fishing craft on the New England Coast; latterly a prairie farmer, well-to-do—one who takes an interest in all matters pertaining to Agriculture.

"Halt!" said the captain, whose eldest son is captain of an independent rifle company. "Present arms," and he extended his own to shake the hand of Squire PENCIL. "Have you seen the circular that the State Society has just issued, offering premiums for fire-arms?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you think of it? I think," and the Captain shook his head sadly, "I think, sir, that it's a humbug."

"A *humbug?* You do not mean to say that the State Society are not offering these premiums in good faith, do you?"

"No, no, but I think it folly, not to say wickedness, to use the good name of the Society for such purposes. It is prostituting its character; it certainly is, sir; and I fear, that we are all drifting towards the condition of things which BURKE describes as characteristic of war. Not that I do not think the effort of the government to suppress rebellion right, but I fear that the moral result to individuals and organizations like the State Society will be disastrous."

"What is it BURKE says?"

"He says—'War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they prevert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-creatures in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of Affection and Kindred which were the bond of Charity while we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved.' That is what he says. I was reading it this morning and copied it, for I think any one who watches the effect of passing events upon the public mind, will discover a remarkable pertinency in these words of BURKE. And this action of the Executive Board of the State Society is evidence of the way we are drifting. It is a straw upon the stream. I am sorry to see it; for while I am in favor of Government applying all the means in its power to sustain its authority,—the right of the majority to rule,—I am not in favor of an Agricultural Society making weapons of deadly warfare and their trial an important feature of its exhibitions. For it will overshadow and draw away from departments now too much neglected. Let there be a war society organized if necessary, but let this gathering at Chicago, which is designed to afford relaxation from the excitement, anxiety and increased labor consequent upon our National troubles, bring forth its legitimate fruits."

LEAD PENCIL, Esq., asserts that he was astonished to hear such talk from a man most uncompromising in his demand for vigorous measures to put down the rebellion, but he thinks there is "something in it."

OUR SOIL MUST BE CIVILIZED.

THERE are sundry good men who make great mistakes. There are many intelligent men who lack liberal habits of observation. Too much that is written is taken for granted by the reader, and applied in practice in all sorts of soil, and all kinds and conditions of climate. One man believes drainage necessary. He has proved its value in his own case by a single experiment on a particular soil, in a particular condition. This affords him a hobby which he mounts and rides to the death, leaping hedges, and hurdles of philosophy and common sense, until he lands in a ditch of disaster and financial ruin, from which it is impossible to rise; and if he has inconsiderate and unreasoning followers, they share his fate.

Now, because trench plowing is valuable in one instance, it is not always best in all others. Because the mixing of the surface and subsoil in one locality improves its mechanical condition and increases its productive power, all soils do not pay for this indiscriminate compounding. Because ABRAHAM SUCKER the first, who has been on his prairie farm forty years, finds that it pays him now to plow a little deeper than was his earlier practice, it does not follow that ABRAHAM SUCKER the second, should rip up his new prairie a depth of twelve or fourteen inches, laying the cold, sour subsoil on the surface, and depositing the rich humus where the subsoil was. It not only does not follow that it will pay, but practice in most instances proves that it will not pay so to do.

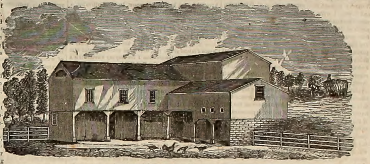
A friend of mine,—whom I will not now name, but who has an actual existence,—a believer in thorough culture, and having the means to do it, has been practicing it on a somewhat extended scale on a low, naturally wet, prairie within a hundred and fifty miles of where I write. He has put in a large amount of tile, draining it thoroughly, then plowed it ten to twelve inches deep, with a surface plow, following it with the subsoil plow, loosening it still deeper; and he is disappointed. His raw prairie soil of which he expected so much after this preparation has disappointed him. White beans have a sickly life, and the small fruit he planted fails to thrive. "What ails it?" he asked of the writer. "I have manured it, added lime, phosphates, &c., &c., and yet here is my return? What is the reason?"

"Your soil is not civilized, sir. It needs to be left to itself awhile, after the thorough turning up you have given it. It has laid here covered and filled with water many years. The action of the atmosphere a single season will not civilize it. Had you plowed the surface but three or four inches deep, subsoiling it ten or twelve inches deeper, the result would have been different. But here is your clay that has laid down below for ages, with little humus in it, brought to the surface, and in this you expect plants, grown on a different kind of soil, fed with a different kind of food, to thrive at once. No, sir, it will not do. After the culture of two or three seasons, the exposure to the action of air and frost,—in short, after your soil has become civilized, you will reap a return for your money and labor."

It is not at all uncommon to find men whose faith in thorough culture has been shaken by such failures as the one above described. There are plenty of men who will aver that deep plowing is an injury, rather than a benefit. And in many of our prairie soils, it may safely be granted that it is, where the plowing turns to the surface a stratum of cold, sodden, sour soil, in the spring. But let the relations of the surface and subsoil be retained, as in its original state, and let the subsoil—not the trench—plow be used to loosen the subsoil, and admit the air and heat, and it will soon be found that deep culture pays. And it should be remembered that the *autumn* is, in all respects, the best time to give the soil such treatment. This is not theory; it is experience.

IRRIGATION IN STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

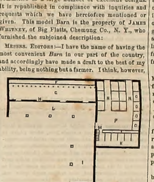
The value of irrigation in the culture of the strawberry has been signally demonstrated the present season in the vicinity of Chicago—indeed, in most parts of the State. For, whereas the vines of most plantations set full of fruit, and the promise of an enormous crop was good, the crop has failed in most cases, affording but two or three pickings. In some



PREMIUM PLAN OF BARN—ELEVATION.

THE above Barn Plan was awarded the third prize under our offer of 1858, being preferred by the committee to a large number of excellent designs. It is republished in compliance with inquiries and requests which we have heretofore mentioned or given. This model Barn is the property of JAMES WHITNEY, of Big Flatts, Chemung Co., N. Y., who furnished the subjoined description:

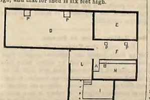
MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have the name of having the most convenient *Barn* in our part of the country, and accordingly have made a draft to the best of my ability, being nothing but a farmer. I think, however,



GROUND PLAN OF LOWER STORY.

.. Standards for tying cattle; *F*, Lower Feed Room in front of cattle, 4x64; *G*, Bunks for Cattle, 9x64; *H*, Doors; *I*, Manure Cellar under east shed, 16x24; *J*, Open Shed; *K*, Horse Stalls, 10x30; *L*, Horse Bunks, 2x28, (hay from above, and grain in front of horses, by falling doors in ceiling;) *M*, Stairs; *N*, Halls in Granary; *O*, Root Bins; *P*, Cleaning Floor and Weighing Room, and Feed Room for horses, which does not freeze in winter, 13x24.

I understand the wants of farmers better than the mechanic or architect can. You will discover I have an elevation of ground nearly eight feet, which is some fourteen rods north of east and west road, and slopes towards the south-west. I have cellar under barn and east shed, the north-east corners in the bank. East and north stone wall for barn is nine feet high, and that for shed is six feet high.



PLAN OF UPPER STORY.

A, Stairway to Stable; *B*, Space for letting hay down to story below, for horses; *C*, Trap Door, to throw manure down from cattle sheds; *P*, *P*, Openings to let feed down; *D*, Floor for storing fodder, 25x64; *E*, West Bay, 19x30; *F*, Upper Barn Floor, 13x30; *G*, Cattle Stalls, 9x24 and 9x32; *H*, West Bay, 13x30; *I*, Loft of Lean-to, 16x20.

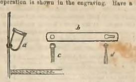
I enter the barn from the north with team on upper floor, thrash with a self-cleaning machine, and have straw-carrier attached, so that I can run the straw in either shed I choose. I have two good bays without incumberance from stabling or granary, and spouts or conductors marked, corresponding with halls in granary beneath, to conduct the grain where I wish; and this, when thrashing, saves at least one man's labor. Two men are sufficient to take care of straw from a good eight-horse machine, and it is all secured from wind or storm.

My *Basement* is dry. Sills two feet from ground. My grain has never musted nor wet, and feed never frozen in winter. I have twelve *Grain Bins*, so arranged that I can get to any one of them when I wish, capable of storing over 3,000 bushels, and four *Root Bins*, which will store about 800 bushels, where they can be seen to at any time.

My stone wall is laid in mortar and pointed; the frames are all made of square timber and joist; no round timber anywhere about; outside, all planed and painted. The *Basement Story* is eight feet; barn posts 18 feet long; the *Long Shed* is 25 wide, 64 long; posts 20 feet. *East Shed* posts nine feet long.

The cost of *Barn* without sheds $400, including board of hands; can be built $50 cheaper without planing or painting. *Sheds* cost $430, including board of hands, and can be built for $400 without planing or painting.

My mode of fixtures for tying cattle is much cheaper than the ordinary way, besides being much more comfortable for the animals—it is as follows: first, I set my standards four feet apart, have a ring made of three-eighths or half-inch iron about six inches across, put over the standard, and then put the bow through the ring and over the animal's neck. The operation is shown in the engraving. Have a



a, Bow, attached to ring; *b*, *c*, Ends of bow; *d*, Hard Wood Latch, showing holes for ends of bow.

piece of hard wood for a latch one inch thick and eight inches long, one and a quarter inch hole at one end, and one inch at the other. The bow needs a knob on one end and catch in the other. This, I have also endeavored to show in the engraving. The rings will slip up and down to suit the animal's convenience. They can lay down and turn their heads around on their side, and they can lay much nearer than if fastened in any other way, and if you have an animal that is inclined to be masterly you can make him keep his head on his own side, by putting a board on one side or the other to suit your convenience. Thus you can control the most vicious of animals, and make them perfectly submissive. I have adopted four feet apart for my standards, but they will do much nearer for small animals.

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instances, which have come under the writer's observation in different parts of the State, two-thirds of the crop have withered on the vines for want of water.

At the Evanston fruit farm, under the management of H. M. KIDDER, the dry weather has greatly shortened the crop; there being seven or eight acres in fruit, the aggregate loss is great. GEO. B. DAVIS, of this city, however, has had the service of water, which he has used with signal success. His soil is a dark sand, thoroughly trenched and as rich as good compost can make it. But with all this preparation of soil and careful culture, he attaches the greatest importance to the services of his hydrants. The cold lake water is used on the plants during the night. He commences drenching them as soon as the sun is off them, and continues it all night, when it is dry, during the picking season—indeed from the time the fruit has set up to the close of the season. And it pays!—pays beyond estimate. The vines the present season were loaded as the writer has never seen vines loaded before, and the fruit, by this aid, is fully developed in size and flavor. Mr. DAVIS has told the writer that he would not pursue strawberry culture for profit if he could not irrigate; for he regards the risks of failure too great to run. But with a supply of water he insures his vines against frost or drouth—against most of the mishaps to which they are subject.

THE RUST ON WHEAT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Your Western readers are aware, and your Eastern readers may have seen statements, that the rust is greatly injuring the spring wheat in Central and Northern Illinois, and some portions of Wisconsin, and Iowa. I write this paragraph the 8th of July, near Bloomington, McLean Co., Illinois, 120 miles south of Chicago, in the region from whence the first complaint of rust was heard during an extremely dry time some weeks ago. Since my arrival in this part of the State I have visited many of the wheat fields affected with the rust, examined them carefully, and talked with the farmers, who almost invariably regard the wheat crop doomed to death, their granaries to dearth, and their pockets to a vacuum. I think they will be disappointed, so far as the rust is concerned, in the result. Why? For the reason that this is a species of red rust which appears on the leaf only, giving the fields to-day a yellow appearance, as if they were drying up. But there are a few facts which may be profitably taken into account in estimating the extent of damage to result from this rust. It appeared some weeks ago, when the early sown wheat was small, and before most of the wheat had shown its first joint. The wheat, both the early and late sown, has continued to grow and develop its stalk, head, and kernel. The early sown seems to have been least affected, and will doubtless make the best wheat, as it generally does whether the rust appears or not. But I have seen several fields of late sown which were rusty before the stalk made its appearance, and which have to-day a good fair growth, with fair sized heads in blossom, the stalk still clean, green and unaffected by rust; and which the proprietors gravely said would not be worth cutting. I believe they will be disappointed, and be compelled to harvest their wheat, much against their apparent expectation and inclination. It may be that the rust in Northern localities is unlike this. I have no information on that point, but beyond a dwarfed growth of straw, I doubt if there is serious disaster.

CULTURE OF CARROTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Often do I wonder why farmers do not raise more root crops. They are universally allowed to be highly beneficial for feeding purposes. A large amount can be realized from a small space of ground, and the expenditure of labor is no greater, when compared by the number of bushels produced, than for corn. I think if those that never have fed roots were to have a supply for one winter, they would devote a portion of ground to raising them each successive year thereafter. My experience places the white Belgian carrot at the head of the list of roots; next, I would prefer the Long Yellow. There are few if any crops that will yield more bushels to the acre than the above named varieties of carrots.

Last year we prepared a piece of ground, three and one-half by four rods, for carrots. The soil was a deep sandy loam with a dry gravelly subsoil. We manured it well with fine manure, plowed about eight inches deep, harrowed well, sowed May 24th one-fourth pound of White Belgian seed, in rows sixteen inches apart. When the plants had attained a sufficient size we hoed between the rows and destoyed all the weeds. At the second hoeing we thinned the plants to about two or three inches apart. This was all the culture they needed. The result was eighty bushels of fine carrots. Now, let us look at the cost:

To drawing manure and plowing ground	$1 00
To one-half day sowing	50
To two and one-half days sowing	2 50
To one day hoeing	1 00
To two days harvesting	1 75
To interest on land	25
Total	$7 00
By 80 bushels carrots, 25 cents per bushel	$20 00
	7 00
Balance in favor of crop	$13 00

Profit on one acre at the above rate, $143.00 plus. This pays well. M. A. H.

Avoca, N. Y., 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

Movable Frame Hives.

ALL, or nearly all the hives now made and offered for sale by holders of patents, have one important feature, *movable frames*, in which the comb is made—a frame surrounding each sheet of comb, like the frame of a picture. The general adoption of this feature is the very best evidence of its value, which we believe is acknowledged by all intelligent apiarians. The evidence appears to show that Mr. LANGSTROTH was the first to invent a practical working hive with movable frames, and one somewhat like it was invented in Europe a few years after. Long before this, even in the last century, hives had been made with frames hung on hinges, to open and shut, somewhat like the leaves of a book, and they were therefore called *Book* or *Leaf Hives*, but they were found to be impracticable, and valuable only as observatory hives. As movable frames very similar to those in the *Langstroth Hive* are used in many others, much discussion has arisen as to the validity of Mr. LANGSTROTH's patent securing to him their exculsive use.

A few weeks since an experienced bee-keeper informed us that an article had appeared in the New York Tribune, by SOLON ROBINSON, stating that he invented a movable frame hive in 1840, and in that year described it in the Albany Cultivator, giving the apiarians of the country the right to use it, as he would obtain no patent, and that therefore all claims by any parties for a right to exclusive use was vain and should be disregarded. As this appeared an important matter, and one likely to settle the question, we hastened to procure the Tribune, and much to our surprise, found that the movable frames of Mr. ROBINSON were nothing more or less in substance than the old hive of HUBER, invented the latter part of the last century, as will be evident to all conversant with the subject, on reading the Tribune article, which is as follows:

"ABOUT BEE-HIVES.—The best bee-hive is one with movable supports for each sheet of comb. Although hives of this kind may have been patented, the patent is not good for anything, nor should it bar any one from the use of such a hive, because the invention is not new. Bevan, an English writer upon bees, described such a hive many years ago, as in use by him, and recommended it to others. More than twenty years ago, I described a hive for movable frames to sustain the separate sheets of comb, in The Albany Cultivator, and although the plan might have been patented, it was distinctly stated that it was not, nor would be, patented, and any one who liked it was recommended to use it. The form of the hive there recommended was to hang the frames by hook-and-eye hinges to the back of the hive, so that all would swing like the leaves of a book standing on its end. The front or cover to the edge of the leaves being opened by turning it around to the left hand, leaf after leaf could be swung around to the right, and a sheet of comb cut out of any one, or the frame could be lifted off its hinges and taken away, and a new one put in its place. We thought the plan a more convenient one than lifting the frames out at the top of the hive."

Anxious to know how a man could have the coolness to publish a description of this hive in 1840, as *something new*, we obtained a copy of the article, and were doomed to another surprise, for we found the hive proposed by Mr. ROBINSON, in the Cultivator, a very different affair from what, in the Tribune, he declares it to have been. Here is the principal part of the article of 1840:

A NEW PLAN FOR A BEE-HIVE.—*Editors of Cultivator:*—I have in my mind a new plan for a bee-hive, a description of which I intend giving you, that those better acquinted with these industrious insects than I am may say whether it is a good one or not; and also that if it is an improvement, it may be brought into use.

It may be denominated the "Book-Case Hive," and by reference to books standing upon a shelf, I can best illustrate my idea. Let the books be made of tin, or other metal, or wood, but tin is preferable, 15 inches high, 10 inches wide, and 2 inches thick; the back of glass, and one of the sides made to slide in a groove, so that it would, in fact, be a tin box, with a sliding lid. Each of the "books" or boxes must have holes through the sides exactly opposite each other, with small slides to shut.

I would make the holes at the lower corner, next the back. When in the case, they would form a communication from one to another, and also out to the open air.

To put a swarm in, take out one of the center boxes and the slides from the two adjoining ones, and put the bees in the space; then replace the other box, having drawn the slide also of that, and push gently in until the bees crawl into the other; then shove in the slides and shut the door of the case. By opening the case door at any time, the operations of the bees can be seen through the glass backs of the "books," and whenever it is seen that a book is full, and you wish to peruse its contents, drive the bees out of that book, if any remain in it, into the adjoining ones, by tapping on it, or insert the nose of a bellows, in a hole made for the purpose, in the back of each book at the top end, and close the little slides over the holes in each side of the adjoining books, and withdraw your book, and put an empty one in its place, and open the side ones again, and admit the bees again to fill the empty book.

You will perceive that it is not necessary to empty the full book, because it is now a neat, convenient tin box, with a sliding lid to keep out all insects and dust, until you have used up the contents. To open it, slip a knife under the lid and cut the adhering comb loose.

If this is a new and good improvement, I hope those who like it will use it immediately, because, after proving its value, I may incline to patent it. I hope to hear free remarks on the subject.

The "book-case hive" might be made to hold a large colony, or no larger than a single hive, which might, as usual, stand out doors, and could be prevented from swarming by a timely withdrawal of the book containing the queen.

If the plan works as well as I anticipate, I intend to provide ways and means to have a case exhibited at the next exhibition of the American Institute, unless some friend to agricultural improvement, who resides much more convenient than I do, will undertake to do it in a manner creditable to American enterprise.

Lake C. H., Ia., April 2, 1840. SOLON ROBINSON.

Here then we have this wonderful hive that is to annihilate all patent claims on movable frames, and we must say that it leaves the question as unsettled as before. The hive of 1840 has the merit of originality, but it seems to us a worse arrangement for the working of bees it would be difficult to contrive, for the bees could not work in such an ill-ventilated case in hot weather, and the slides would soon be glued so as to be immovable. Then it would be only by the merest accident that the queen could be discovered, to form new colonies, as proposed, and she would very much dislike to be compelled to move from one tin case to another for the purpose of depositing eggs. But we need not discuss the merits of this hive, as, though proposed more than twenty years ago, we presume it has had no existence outside of the brain of the originator. It leaves the vexed question untouched.

Bees Robbing—How to Prevent.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Strong colonies, having fertile queens and entrances properly regulated, are seldom attacked by robber bees; even when attacked, the robbers meet with such an unyielding resistance they are always thankful to make sure their escape, hence such colonies are seldom or never materially injured. A colony of bees, though strong in numbers, being destitute of a queen and of the proper material from which to rear one, do not as unyieldingly defend their stores as those first mentioned; such are, therefore, very liable to be overpowered and their treasures carried away. Whether having a queen or not, very weak colonies are quite sure to be attacked by robbing bees; if they are attacked they seldom escape destruction, unless their entrances are properly controlled.

Robbing is more prevalent when there is a *scarcity of honey* than at any other time; it is at this period when the apiarian should exercise the utmost care in manipulating with his bees, that he may not excite their robbing propensities. When bees manifest the least disposition to rob, proper measures should at once be adopted to allay it; for if bees commence early in the season, they are very sure in times of scarcity to renew their operations. They are certainly in a measure prone to dissipation.

When a very weak colony of bees, in Mr. LANGSTROTH's movable-comb hive, is assailed by robbing bees, provided they have a fertile queen, the entrance should be contracted sufficiently by the "entrance-blocks" to permit the passage of only *one bee at a time;* then elevate the rear end of the hive from one and one-half to two inches higher than the front. This will give the defending colony a decided advantage over their assailants. One or two hundred within the hive will easily defend themselves against a thousand or more of their enemies outside. The robbers finding themselves repulsed at every attempt they make to enter the hive, will soon abandon the project and peaceably return to their homes, provided there are no other colonies in close proximity. Should there be any, they would probably make an attack on them; but, to guard against their injuring them, the entrances to their hives should be made of such a size that the inmates may easily and effectually defend themselves.

I have sometimes found it good economy, when the hive is well supplied with combs but deficient in bees, if attacked by robbers, to operate with the "entrance blocks" in such a way as to secure a sufficient number of robbing bees in the hive attacked to make a good colony. The colony is then confined and carried to a cool, dark cellar, where it is allowed to remain about three days. At the expiration of this time, the hive is replaced on its old stand. The robbers will stay and labor with the colony as well as though they had been bred therein, they having instinctively forgotten their former homes. When robbing is going on in large or even small apiaries, bees from different hives usually assist in the matter, hence only a few bees are secured from each hive. The few from each hive thus secured will not materially weaken their parent colonies, but, on the other hand, the one attacked will be greatly benefited by the accessions made. Care must be taken that the colony, while in the cellar, is confined, and that the bees have sufficient food and ventilation.

To ascertain whether a colony is in possession of a fertile queen, all that is necessary, in the breeding season, is simply to take out the frames of combs and search for the eggs of the queen. If eggs are found in the cells, that is sufficient, as they are a pretty sure indication of her presence. When a colony not having a fertile queen is attacked, and the bee-keeper has none to give them, should it be before the drones make their appearance, the bees, and combs if desired, may be united with some other colony having a fertile queen. When united they can be thoroughly sprinkled with a preparation of water well sweetened with sugar, or honey, and scented with a few drops of the essence of peppermint. Being scented alike, but little or no contention will ensue.

It has been the practice of a certain class of bee-keepers, when a colony of bees is assailed, to move it a short distance. This mode of operating is certainly wrong, as it will only hasten the destruction of the colony. Not only will the robbing bees easily discover the new location of the colony, but some of the bees belonging to it will go back to their former home, thereby affording the robbers greater encouragement. The bees that return to the old location seldom find their parent hive again. This, as will be apparent, serves only to weaken them; and if moved a few times, they will become so reduced in numbers that they will at last yield to the robbers without much reluctance.

By keeping the entrances of Mr. LANGSTROTH's movable-comb hives properly regulated, so as to insure the defense of the colonies within, and in possession of fertile queens, there need be no apprehension in regard to their safety when assailed by robbing bees. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1861.

IT is stated that Dr. Hicks, of London, has recently discovered that the prismatic corneal lens in the eye of the bee, is *a compound double convex lens*, precisely similar in principle and construction to one of the latest improvements in the microscope, for the correction of the aberration of light. It thus appears that this recent triumph of inventive genius was devised and employed by the Creator long before man was brought into existence; for, according to Hugh Miller, (*Testimony of the Rocks*,) "the first bee makes its appearance in the amber of the Eocene"—the period which Geologists regard as the very dawn of the existing state of things.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Comparative Value of Timothy and Clover Hay.

IT is true that in Great Britain and perhaps in other portions of Europe, clover hay sells for a higher price than meadow hay, while here it is considered of less value. The propositions and deductions of our correspondent seem pertinent:—"Have Europeans a better clover, or do they practice a better method of curing it, or is their grass inferior to ours? One of these propositions must be true, or there is some mistake about the relative value of grass and clover hay." The English clover hay is of a bright light brown color and fragrant as a bouquet, while American is usually black, and the poorer specimens are composed principally of woody stalks, the leaves being detached and often broken and dusty. The cause of this difference may be in some respects perhaps chargable to climate.

How to Destroy Thistles.

F. H. GORDON, of Jennings Forks, Tennessee, writes to the *Southern Homestead*, thus:—"I have never seen the Canada thistle in this State, and hope I never shall. It is a perennial plant, with deeply penetrating and rambling roots, which are so tenacious of life that the ingenuity of farmers in Europe and the Eastern States of the Union has failed to find a cheap and easy method of exterminating them. They are represented as a great pest to meadows, pastures, and grain fields.

"The thistle of this section is a biennial plant, having roots easily destroyed. I will give a method of exterminating these thistles which I have tested and found to be effectual, and costs nothing. It consists in learning your hogs to eat the roots of the plant. Tramp on the buds of a goodly number of the largest plants, in the spring season, and place on each bud a teaspoonful of salt. Then turn your hogs on them. They will eat the roots of the salted plants first, and will thus acquire a fondness for the roots, and will continue to eat them daily, as long as any can be found. If but one hog be educated in this way, he will soon teach your whole herd to eat them, and will soon exterminate all on your farm. I have not found any difficulty in keeping my farm clear of thistles since I adopted this method, which was more than twenty years ago. Other varieties of thistle may not be so easily managed; but I have never seen but one and the same variety in the West and South."

Well Matched Horses.

IN a late number of the *American Stock Journal*, we find the following article upon a subject which claims the special attention of those whose forte is to "talk horse:"

We well recollect the reply of an intelligent farmer, when asked if his horses were well matched:—"Yes," said he, "they are matched first rate. One of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should." This is not what would be considered well matched, especially by a person who has a proper regard for his own comfort and safety, and the good of his animals, yet there are a great many pairs of horses worked together which are matched in this same way. It is not an easy matter to find a pair of horses well—not to say perfectly—matched in every respect; and we regard the thing as impossible, unless they are of the same blood on both sides. In market it is essential to a good price that horses offered in pairs should be of equal size, similarity of build, and colored alike to a shade. These qualities are of importance as affecting the market value of horses offered for sale as matched pairs, but there are, in our opinion, other considerations of vastly more importance as affecting the real value of horses. They should have the same temperament; that is, one should not be quick and nervous, always ready to start at the first signal, and the other slow and phlegmatic, never ready to move until started by the whip; and a pair of horses perfectly matched in size and color, but of different actions, are ill-matched. Therefore, a span of well-matched horses should have the same spirit, action, temperament, gait, and disposition, as well as color, form, and size.

Then again, matched horses should be gaited alike when they walk or trot. Many horses that trot well together cannot walk together, because one may naturally walk fast and the other slow, and the fast walker takes more than his share of the load, while the other is greatly worried to keep pace with his mate, and ambition and courage never can make up for the natural slow walking gait; and although a pair of horses may move along together when upon a walk, because the slow walker has the disposition to keep up with his mate, yet he is worried in performing what his mate does with the most perfect ease. In matching, or selecting a pair of matched horses, there are many things to be taken into account, besides color, size, &c.

As we have said above, it is a difficult thing to get a pair of horses well matched unless they are the same blood on both sides. A spirited, sprightly, ambitious, nervous Morgan never will work well with a dead mettled dunghill. Thorough breds of the same stock have a similarity of temperament, disposition, and gait, if not of size and color; and when they are found to match in color and size, the same discrepancies do not exist between them as between dunghills. Take the different families of Morgans, and if kept pure, they will be found to possess the same general leading characteristics, and when got together make valuable pairs. In this view of the subject of horse raising, who can doubt that it is wisest, cheapest, and best to bestow great care upon the stock used for breeders?

Before and After Draining.

THE following statement was made by HIRAM MUNROE, one of the successful competitors for premiums offered on corn crops by the Hillsborough (N. H.) Agricultural Society. The ten bushels of corn raised on an acre of this land when so wet and soft at the time of the third hoeing that it wouldn't stay hilled up, probably cost more labor than the seventy-seven bushels raised after drainage, for which the premium was awarded.

The land on which I raised this corn is in the easterly part of Hillsborough, a hard-wood soil, naturally wet and springy. My father raised corn on a part of the same land some eighty years ago. When I was a boy he used to tell me about having corn on that land one rather wet season, and at the third time hoeing he tried to hill it up, as the fashion was then, but the land was so wet and soft that it would spread, and become level again. The result was, in the fall he got about ten bushels of corn to the acre. When I was young I used to raise corn on the piece, and in a dry, warm season, I could raise tolerably good corn, but in wet, cold seasons I could get but little. It was so wet and rocky, both, that for the last five-and-twenty years I had abandoned it, and thought I would never plow it again; but four years ago I had occasion to take some stone off from it to fence a road, and the surplus ones I drew off into piles. Then I constructed several underdrains through the piece, and thought I would try it again for plowing. Last year it was about half of it planted with corn and manured some; the other part was planted with potatoes, without manure. This year I spread on the acre about thirty cart-loads of manure from the barn cellar, of thirty bushels each, and plowed it twice, just as I could, it being so rocky that I could plow no regular depth. I then furrowed it, light as I could conveniently, about three feet and four inches apart, and manured it in the hill with a compost made of meadow mud and Peruvian guano, about one pound of guano to a bushel of mud; put half a shovelful in a hill, and the hills about two and a half feet apart. I hoed it three times, and kept it clear of weeds. The result was, on the acre I had of corn No. 1, seventy-one and a half bushels; No. 2, five and a half bushels, of eighty pounds to the bushel. It was harvested the tenth of October.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER, CROPS, &C.—Our report under this head must be unfavorable. The warm temperature mentioned in our last was of brief continuance, and succeeded by cool weather, causing a demand for winter clothing and materially retarding corn and other crops. It is feared that we cannot, in this region, "make" a corn crop the present season, as it is very backward in most localities. Wheat harvest will be some two weeks later than last season, the weather of the past week having been unfavorable to its ripening. The yield will be much less—perhaps half—than that of last season, for reasons heretofore given. Winter barley is also very light in some localities. Spring barley and oats generally good. Grass excellent in some localities, and medium and poor in others. Potatoes very promising.

—Mr. BRAGDON writes from Central Illinois, (Bloomington,) dating July 12, as follows:—"Harvest commenced. Winter wheat good. Oats ditto. Corn splended. Grass medium crop—haying in progress. Early sown spring wheat good; late sown poor. Fruit plenty."

—Writing from Ottawa Co., Mich., July 12, Mr. L. D. SUMNER says:—"Our winter wheat is hardly middling; spring much worse. Corn and oats some better. Grass and potatoes good. Our crops have suffered for want of rain, but late showers have improved their condition and the hopes of farmers. We have plenty of old grain without market or price. Butter 8 cts. per lb.; eggs 6 cts. per dozen, etc. Plenty to eat, but money never so scarce here as at present—more especially since the disappearance of the 'stump tail' currency."

ANOTHER GOOD COW.—Noticing the mention of good cows in recent numbers of the RURAL, Mr. W. B. HATFIELD, of Medina, N. Y., writes us that he has a cow which is considered a pretty fair one, and adds:—"She is a 'Native American,' good size, nine years old. Two years ago she came in May 24, and again April 6th the next year. During that time she was milked 315 days, and gave 26 lbs. of milk daily on an average, beside fatting a calf for the butcher. This year she came in April 24. Through June she gave an average of 51 lbs. of milk daily—the largest quantity in any one day being 59 lbs. During May she gave nearly as much as in June. She has pasture only—such as a poor man is able to get in the village, and that is poor enough. At the end of the season I will tell you how much milk and butter she yields."

GLANCES IN AND ABOUT ELMIRA.—Last week we passed several days in the "Southern Tier"—principally at Elmira—and were very favorably impressed with what was observed. Especially were we pleased with Elmira—its business enterprises and facilities, beautiful suburbs and picturesque surroundings. We had visited it previously, but with no opportunity of noting its advantages for business, or desirableness for residence. Though only a village of about ten thousand inhabitants, it has the appearance of a thriving and populous city. Finely located in a valley encircled by hills—with many substantial business blocks, handsome churches, school houses, hotels, and excellent streets and walks—with private residences and gardens exhibiting the possession of both taste and wealth—we consider Elmira a model inland town, worthy of ranking among the incorporated cities of the Empire State. Its railroad and canal facilities give the place great advantages, and have largely increased its business and population. The excellent hydraulic power furnished by the Chemung river (which passes through the village, or between it and the beautiful suburb known as Southport,) has contributed largely to the prosperity of the place. In former years its lumber trade was quite extensive; for it is said 10,000,000 feet of boards and planks were exported annually. The manufacturing business of the village is somewhat large. A new rolling mill has recently been put into operation at an expense of about $80,000, and there are several extensive factories, mills, machine shops, &c., in the place. Indeed, the business of Elmira is various and extensive, and probably conducted as advantageously to those interested as that of any provincial city. Not a few of the early business men of the place have accumulated considerable wealth—prominent among whom we may mention the self-made man and millionaire, and withal affable gentleman, JOHN ARNOT, Esq., who is yet in the vigor of life, and an industrious and shrewd business man and manager of his estate. His public-spirited enterprises have contributed largely to the prosperity of Elmira and a large extent of surrounding country, and justly entitle him to the respect and confidence of community. We also had the pleasure of meeting several other prominent men who have done much toward giving Elmira a reputation beyond a mere "local habitation and a name." From the fact that, though neither a plaintiff or defendent, "this deponent" met three Judges in one day (Messrs. BROOKS, GRAY and THURSTON,) and heard of "several more," it is inferred that ample justice will be dispensed in the fine Court House now being completed. Among the mercantile houses, Messrs. WATROUS & COOK, and WM. BROWN & Co., are extensive dealers in Hardware, Agricultural Implements, &c., and apparently doing a fine business. RURAL readers in that region (many of whom have become such through the voluntary influence of Mr. BROWN,) will find these establishments worthy their patronage. The "Black Art" flourishes in Elmira, as it has three daily papers—the *Advertiser*, *Gazette*, and *Press*—conducted by clever and good looking men. "Long may they wave." But the place has other city-like "institutions." The Female College (with an excellent Astronomical Observatory,) and the Water Cure are widely known. Gas Works have been in successful operation for some years, and Water Works are now in the course of completion. The latter appear to have been constructed in the best manner, and the pure soft water which is now furnished to a portion of the village, will, when fully distributed, prove a great convenience and benefit. When will Rochester do likewise, and thus supply a long-needed desideratum?

—But we have digressed from our original intention, which was to speak more particularly of the fine streets and avenues of the village and suburbs, the large proportion of neat dwellings with well arranged surroundings (exhibiting both architectural and horticultural taste,) and the appearance and products of the adjacent "rural districts." All these were noted, but we will not particularize at present, lest our rough notes prove too long to be discounted by even patient readers. Our return by rail through Schulyer, Yates and Ontario, gave us fine glances of the country and growing crops. The crops are generally promising, though corn is late, and little fruit will be grown in the region visited.

DAYTON WHEAT IN MICHIGAN.—The editor of an Ann Arbor paper speaks highly of a field of Dayton wheat on the farm of Mr. W. A. LOVEJOY, near that city, and says it certainly promises to be a valuable acquisition. "It stands high, with large straw, and has developed large, well filled heads—has not lodged, like adjoining fields of Mediterranean, of a lighter growth, and in this respect is one of its claims to superiority." The field contains 18 acres, and promises a fine yield. It is added that the seed was obtained from a Monroe Co., N. Y., farmer, who claims that he cut 30 bushels to the acre last year from a field late and indifferently sown. In former seasons, we have noticed this variety of wheat—particularly some fine fields in Wheatland, this county—but have heard little of it this year. Will growers in this region advise us if it fulfills what was anticipated when first introduced?

—Since the above was written an intelligent farmer of Wheatland informs us that much less Dayton wheat was sown in that town last fall than formerly, many who had grown it preferring the Mediterranean.

A MODEL LITTLE FLOCK OF SHEEP—is noticed by the Attica Atlas in this wise:—"David T. Bowen, of Alexander, wintered 32 small Spanish Merino sheep - feeding them straw till March, and hay afterwards, giving them about four ounces of grain a day per head—peas, oats, and corn—and none of the oats stuck in the sheep's noses. After being well washed, they were sheared June 28th. Result: 1 four-year-old buck, 4th shearing, 17 lbs.; 1 do. do. do. 16 lbs. 2 ozs.; 1 two-year-old do. 2d do. 14 lbs. 8 ozs.; heaviest yearling ewe, 8 lbs. 2 ozs.; lightest do. over 5 lbs.; 29 yearling ewes and wethers, first fleece—average per head, 6 lbs. 13 ozs. Carcases not weighed. The bucks were sheared July 4th, last year—giving them one week less than a year's growth of wool. From large sheep or small, if any one can beat this clip on lambs, June 28th, or even on a flock of 32 at any age, Mr. B. would like facts and figures."

MINOR ITEMS.—The next Annual Fair of the St. Lawrence Co. Ag. Society is to be held at Canton, Sept. 25—27. Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, of Mass., has been engaged to deliver the address.——The Irish *Farmers' Gazette* says Baron ROTHSCHILD has entered the field extensively as a breeder of Kerry cattle, having ordered fifty heifers as the first lot of a breeding herd.——The *Boston Cultivator* says Mr. ISAAC STICKNEY's flock of Scotch black-faced sheep have done well since last fall. All the ewes had lambs last spring—some having twins—all of which have been reared, and are of fine size and appearance. The yearlings produced from 5¾ to 6 lbs. each of wool, unwashed, though comparatively clean, and of a quality said to be worth 30 cents per pound.

SUMMER.

"O, BALMY, breezy, bounteous, beauteous summer!
To men and women, little girls and boys,
To birds and beasts thou bringest many joys,
And art, indeed, a truly welcome comer!
Now stroll in pastures green, fat sheep and cows,
Now vernal blades prepare for autumn sheaves,
And woods (though stationary) take their leaves,
And all politely make their prettiest boughs.
Now the blithe farmer in the early morn
With sturdy steps strides o'er the fallow field,
And plants in hope that, though awhile concealed,
The grateful harvest may produce the corn;
And so return him from the fruitful mould,
His gift augmented by a hundred fold."

BURYING STONES.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that on two acres of his farm there were quite a number of large stones, which he got rid of by digging under them, and thus sinking them out of reach of the plow. He buried some that could not have been taken from the field with three yoke of oxen. But one thing is very important in doing this work, and that is, be sure and dig the holes *large* and *deep* enough—especially for large stone—before tumbling them in, so that if they fall either side, or end up, they shall be out of reach of the plow, for it is very difficult to move them when in the hole. To bury very large stone, the hole should be dug partly under them, as it is much easier getting them into the hole—and they should be at least a foot below the surface when buried.

SHEEP AND DOGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The sheep in Massachusetts numbered 378.226 in 1840; but they decreased to only 11,311 in 1860. In 1850 they numbered 188,651, and produced 585,000 lbs. of wool, while the manufacturers of the State consumed 22,000,000 lbs., outside of domestic or household products. The returns from the various towns, almost without exception, attribute the decrease in sheep in part to the killing and worrying of dogs. The benefits of the stringent dog law passed two years ago, are beginning to be perceived. All dogs are taxed, and from the fund thus obtained all losses caused by dogs are paid.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. SCHRŒDER'S VINEYARD, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

July 5th we visited this vineyard. It is located south-east of the city, near it, on a bluff, with an eastern exposure, overlooking a narrow intervale, through which runs a small stream or branch, and affording most excellent natural drainage. The soil is a sandy loam. The height above the intervale is about 20 or 25 feet. He has about three acres planted in vines. He has 86 varieties planted, most of them American. The large proportion of his vines are Catawbas; but he has 1,000 Concords, 800 Herbemonts, and 800 Norton's Virginia, or, as he said, "since John Brown went to heaven, it is called Herman's Red Diamond, by the German grape growers' of Missouri." He has six thousand vines planted, most of them fruiting this year. His ground is prepared for the plants by digging trenches 2 or 2½ feet deep, in the bottom of which he puts 6 inches of broken bones, horns, and other refuse from the slaughter house; then a layer of turf, filling up with the soil taken from the trench, thoroughly mixed with good compost. In the trenches thus prepared he plants his vines. These trenches are at different distances apart — from 4 to 6 feet, and the vines are planted 3½, 4, 4½, and 5 feet apart in the row, according to the habit. Some of his close planting is a mere experiment, which does not prove satisfactory. But he has not yet determined the best distance to plant. From what we saw and gathered from his conversation, we judge the greatest distance named the most satisfactory, all things considered. He said he did not plant deep — most people made a great mistake in planting too deeply. "How deep do you plant?" we asked. "Not more than six inches," was the reply. The vines are trained on trellises, after different systems, including BRIGHT's, which he does not speak highly of; but he is bound to give it further trial before he will say anything positively in its favor or against it. He is practicing LOUIS L. KOCH's system, which was published in German a few years ago. We do not know that it has been published in English. Mr. KOCH is a resident of Golconda, Illinois, and is regarded by Dr. S. and others, who have before spoken of him, as the best authority in grape culture in the West.

HOW HE TALKED IN THE VINEYARD.

DR. SCHRŒDER is no bigot. He is wide awake, willing to receive instruction; neither is he noted for his recticence. He talks, calls attention to facts, and tells what he does and how he does it. Hence his vineyard is a profitable place to visit — especially if a man is willing to listen. Some of his more noteworthy sayings, as we walked through his vineyard, were noted down, and are here given as they appear in our note book.

"See the difference in those plants! Here are plants that were three years old when I planted them, and have been growing here two years. Look at the fruit! There are some planted at the same time that were but two years old when planted. See the difference! Here is nearly double the amount of fruit on the three years old vines there is on the two years old. I was a very big fool! The three year old vines cost me ten cents each; the two year old vines cost me five cents each. I have given them the same culture, the same length of time, and see the difference! I was a very big fool. Here is one of the three years old that had fifty bunches of grapes on. I will show you one that has to-day seventy-five bunches on. It is on trial. I let 'er rip. One vine is nothing; see what it will do. I tell you it is not profitable to be penny-wise."

"And see here! I'll show you another thing which is a great injury to a vineyard. See how thick those vines stand. Look at the little amount of fruit on them, and then at these vines. These last are planted according to KOCH's system — 4½ feet in the row, and rows six feet apart; but the first are only 3½ feet apart in the row. I am going to take out every other vine — somebody can have them cheap. See what a single paper has taught me. A single penny invested in a paper often makes a man's fortune. I am indebted to the papers for my success."

"The Concord is the hardiest grape I have. It is a much better grower than the Catawba." He had it in bearing, showing splendid bunches.

"Now then we come to the No. 1 — the Herbemont. It took the premium as No. 1 in Missouri. It has the appearance of a foreign grape. It is the latest grape in my vineyard — the latest in starting in the spring. See, it is only just out of blossom, and yet remember it is ripe ten [illegible] than the Isabella! It is to be the gr[illegible] this country of late frosts. I tell you it m[illegible] Look at the growth too — at the suckers here! See here, I will make one hundred layers from this vine. It will take the country. True, it is tender in winter, but what difference does that make? Lay it down! Others lay down, why may not this? While I am talking of this laying down business, just you see here. Look at that Catawba and then at this. That one was not laid down last winter; this was. This has fruit on every point from the bottom to the top; that has none at the bottom, the eyes do not come, and the growth is weak. It pays to be taught these lessons if we will heed them. How do I lay them down? Sometimes I cover them six inches deep with dirt. Sometimes two inches, and sometimes I only lay them down on the surface and cover the tops of the vines with a little dirt, so as to keep them down, leaving the bulk of the wood exposed. I can see no difference whether the whole vine is covered, or only the ends. These that the tops were only covered seem to have done as well as if they had been covered with feather beds. If covered deep I think it affects the quality of the grapes — they do not seem to be so good."

"Now let me show you the difference between vines planted in trenches with the preparation I have given them, and those planted on soil in its natural mechanical state. This soil was trench plowed, but no manure, bones or other stimulant was applied. You see these vines are *nix cum rous*, don't you?"

We saw the difference distinctly in the size, growth, color and productiveness of the vines. The two rows planted without trenching and manuring were almost as bad as blanks in the vineyard. Dr. S. does not believe in any other than hand culture with the hoe. He dug down an inch or two and showed us the roots, interwoven and filling the ground. A cultivator would have broken them badly. He wishes his three acres we thirty, and has full faith in the practicability and profit of grape culture in the West. His success, thus far, with his first crop is not at all discouraging.

[Few subjects are more important to our Western readers than that of Grape Culture, and we are pleased that intelligent and careful culture is rewarded with success.]



PARSLEY-LEAVED BLACKBERRY.

FOR about twenty years a cut-leaved variety of the Blackberry has been cultivated in the neighborhood of New York, though it has not received, and perhaps has not merited, very general attention. Specimens of the fruit were exhibited at the Pomological Meeting at Philadelphia last autumn, by Mr. LAWTON, who stated that he had cultivated it for three years, and found it very hardy and productive, and a rapid grower, sometimes making shoots twenty feet in length. Mr. WILDER also cultivated it, but considered the rampant growth quite objectionable, while Mr. FREEMAN stated that the flavor was not as good as the New Rochelle, and it was two weeks later. In the *Horticulturist* we find an engraving of this fruit and an article by Mr. LAWTON, which we give our readers: —

"The origin of this plant appears to be unknown; it was found in the celebrated Botanic Garden at Berlin, and described by the German botanist Wildenow, in his enumeration of these plants, Berlin, 1811. In a catalogue of plants in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, 1802, four varieties appear, namely: *Rubus cæsius, R. fruticosus, R. scandens, R. saxatilis*. As it is not described in Miller's Botanical Dictionary, London, 1807, I conclude it was introduced into the Garden at Berlin subsequently to 1802; and it is very singular that the origin of a plant so beautiful, and with so many distinctive qualities, should be involved in obscurity, and the value and quality of its fruit remain almost unknown until the present time.

"I find it in the catalouge of Wm. R. Prince, Flushing, 1844, as the 'Parsley-leaved Blackberry — very curious,' and in 1860, as 'Parsley-leaved, or Late Prolific, large, sweet, aromatic flavor; ripens after Lawton; very productive, estimable, rare.' To this description I would add, perfectly hardy, and does not cast its beautiful foliage until late in the winter. In Watson's '*Dendrologia Britannica*,' London, 1825, a full botanical description may be found, with a colored plate of the plant and flower.

"I am thus particular for the purpose of calling attention to this plant as a valuable addition to the amateur's fruit garden, and it may prove profitable to fruit-growers generally; but for the purpose of covering unsightly stone fences with beautiful foliage and sweet fruit, it will be invaluable. The berries are large, ripen nearly a month after the Lawton, and may be all gathered within two weeks; after which, as I have before stated, the trailing vines will retain their deep green foliage until winter. Mr. Thomas Hogg, of Yorkville, presented me with one dozen plants, which I put out in the open ground on 2d December, 1856; every plant survived the winter, and grew most rapidly the following season. In September, 1858, they produced a fine crop of fruit, and in the two succeeding years have been equally productive."

To the above the editor of the Horticulturist makes the following note: — "The honor of introducing this Blackberry belongs to Mr. Charles More, of Yorkville, N. Y., who imported it from France in 1842. In 1843 he gave us three plants of it, the old stools of which are still in vigorous condition. In 1844 it appeared in Mr. Prince's Catalogue, and subsequently we sent it to some friends in Boston and elsewhere. Mr. Hogg got it at an early period from Mr. More, and Mr. Lawton, some years later, as stated above, received it from Mr. Hogg. Mr. More, in the mean time, had been propagating and selling it, and has continued to do so up to the present time, there always having been some demand for it. Mr. Munson, of Astoria, who made such a fine show of the fruit at the Farmer's Club this fall, procured his plants of Mr. More, and has propagated it largely, as has also Mr. Hogg, Buchanan, Marx, etc. We first called public attention to it in Mr. Pardee's Strawberry Manual, published some years ago. The plant is quite ornamental, and deserves a place in the amateur's garden. It is well adapted for covering rock work and stone fences. When properly cultivated it yields a fair crop of fruit, juicy, very sweet, and of good flavor. It is a rampant grower, and if allowed to trail on the ground, will extend a distance of twenty feet or more. Its hooked thorns are a terror to all who approach it; we think nobody would attempt to scale a wall covered with it. Though its origin is not known, it is supposed to be a native of France."

INSECTS ON RASPBERRY LEAVES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — The small, spinous, green larva sent you by Mr. JAMES OZANNEJO, from Racine, Wisconsin, which he says are entirely destroying the foliage of his raspberry bushes, and is desirous to know the name and habits of the same, has been examined. Its length is about one-eighth of an inch and rather thick.

Under the magnifying glass it exhibits a short, brown, hairy head, and each segment of its body has a transverse series of six small warts, with a spine, having two branches, or, letter Y-like. I could perceive no forelegs—only the six pectoral ones—hence I concluded it to be a *Coleopterous* larva, while a friend of mine, an eminent Entomologist, supposed it to be the young larvæ of the "Saturnia Io," a *Lepidopterous* insect, well known, and of considerable size, when the caterpillar has undergone its several moultings.

I am still inclined to believe that it is the larva of a species of *Coccinella* or Lady-bug. LEACH establishes a genus *Chilocorus*, out of the Coccinnella, distinguished by the larvæ, having each segment of the body furnished with six setose spines, arrayed transversely, giving the insect somewhat the appearance of certain Lepidopterous larvæ, but the pupa state is assumed without shedding off the outer envelope or increasing much in size.

The larva of our *Coccinella hyperborea* is short, of a bright yellow color, with like spinous segments. These have been found feeding upon the leaf of the pumpkin vine. Besides, the species are known to feed on the leaves of various plants both in the larva and perfect state. This has been clearly proved. Notwithstanding, many of the mare a friend to the gardener, because in the larva state they feed upon the aphids or plant-lice, among which the female lays its eggs, which hatch, and the larvæ find themselves in the midst of their appropriate food. This fact induced LATRIELL to call them "Aphidiphage," as a family appellation, and being often found on plants in considerable numbers previously injured by the aphids, they have been erroneously charged with the mischief done.

These hints are thrown out to induce those interested to pay particular attention to the various pests that infest their vegetation, of every class, and to observe critically their transformations. A few moments thus spent will well repay the time, when followed up by subsequent inspection. Those engaged in horticulture and the like, have the best chances to observe the doings of those creatures. The mere collector finds the insect, describes it, or perhaps only pins it in his cabinet with its name attached, if he can compare it with a like specimen previously named, and there ends the matter; but, men like M. V. AUDOUN, KOLLER, KIRBY, SPENCE, &c., have followed up their observations, illustrated, and fully described much that is of value.

I also have numerous specimens sent me that I perhaps would not see, did I not so receive them.

Lancaster, July, 1861. J. STAUFFER.

PYRAMIDAL HYBRID PERPETUALS.

STANDARD ROSES, inartistic and unpicturesque as they are, have "held their own" for some years. It is time that some new rose idea was originated, and I hope, ere long, to have standard roses spoken of as things of the past — like stage coaches and road wagons. The culture of pyramidal roses will require more care and time than the culture of standards, which we all know is very simple; but the rose gardener will be amply compensated by such glorious effects as have never yet been seen in our roseries.

Like all really good gardening ideas, the culture of rose pyramids, although requiring more time and care than the culture of standard and dwarf roses, is still very simple, and may be carried out as follows: Some strong two year old stocks of the Manetti rose should be planted in November, in a piece of ground well exposed to sun and air. The soil should have dressings of manure, and be stirred to nearly two feet in depth. In the months of July and August of the following year, they will be in a fit state to bud. They should have one bud inserted in each stock close to the ground. The sort to be chosen for this preliminary budding is a very old hybrid China rose, called Madame Pizaroni, a rose with a most vigorous and robust habit, which, budded in strong Manetti stocks, will often make shoots from six to seven feet in length, and stout and robust in proportion. In the month of February following, the stocks in which are live buds should all be cut down to within six inches of the bud. In May the buds will begin to shoot vigorously; if there are more shoots than one from each bud they must be removed, leaving only one, which in June should be supported with a slight stake, or the wind may displace it. By the end of August this shoot ought to be from five to six feet in height, and is then in a proper state for budding to form a pyramid. Some of the most free-growing and beautiful of the hybrid perpetual roses should be selected and budded on these stems in the following manner: Commence about nine inches from the ground, inserting one bud; then on the opposite side of the stock, and at the same distance from the lower bud, insert another; and then at the same distance another and another, so that buds are on all sides of the tree up to about five feet in height, which in the aggregate will amount to seven buds. You will thus have formed the foundation of a pyramid.

I need scarcely add that the shoots from the stock must be carefully removed during the growing season, so as to throw all its strength into the buds. It will also be advisable to pinch in the three topmost buds rather severely the first season, or they will, to use a common expression, draw up the sap too rapidly, and thus weaken the lower buds. The terminal shoot must be cut off early in June. In the course of a year or two magnificent pyramids may thus be formed, their stems completely covered with foliage, and far surpassing anything yet seen in rose culture. I have as yet found no rose equal in vigor to Madame Pizaroni, although when attention is turned to the subject other varieties may perhaps be found. If extra strong growth be desired, the stem may be suffered to grow two seasons before it is budded.

The most free-growing kinds, such as Jules Margottin, General Jacqueminot, Colonel de Rougemont, Triomphe des Beaux Arts, Lord Raglan, Souvenir de la Reine d'Angleterre, Triomphe de l'Exposition, and other kinds of vigorous habit, these will form grand pyramids from six to seven feet in height. For smaller pyramids those of more moderate growth may be selected. It will scarcely be advisable to bud more than one sort on a stem, as no two kinds will be found equal in growth, but as a matter of fancy, varieties of different colors may be inserted, so as to make a variegated pyramid. Vigorous growing Bourbon roses may be employed for pyramids, and tea-scented and Noisette roses, as the stock is highly favorable to their growth, but they should be protected in winter by fern or branches of evergreens tied round them. — *Rivers' New Rose Amateur's Guide.*

Horticultural Notes.

FRENCH GARDENING. — A Paris correspondent of the *Gardeners Monthly*, after mentioning the defects of French gardening, writes: — "It is fair now to mention some of the good points. First, the care which characterizes even the humblest garden. Self-esteem and the true love of the beautiful are evidently elements of the soul of its French owner. Next we notice the variety of flowers, shrubs and trees, and their massing. As an instance, it is common to find in our gardens groups of your own native Rhododendron maximum, from six to two hundred in a group. Where do you find your own shrub, than which nothing is more splendid, in that proportion in your own gardens? Perhaps not a hundred of them in famous 'Central Park!' You cultivate verbenas on a large scale; so do we in France. You cultivate, though, such a worthless flower as petunias almost as much. May I be forgiven the sin of calling it worthless. To my eye it looks weedy, has no shading in its color, no luring perfume, nothing at all to recommend it. Why not cultivate, above all other things, the rose — the acknowledged Queen of Flowers — with the same passion as the French? Item the hollyhock, of picturesque stature, stately, and of immense varieties. Item the pæonies and their hundred varieties, — a tribe of flowers which seems not to be known with you, and still a flower which has the kindness to light up your garden before the roses, fuchsias, &c., have come into bloom. Why, friend Meehan, this ignorance or neglect of the pæonia? Another flower the French cultivate with fondness is the daisy and the pansy. In these and in the massing of showy flowers in single, double and triple belts of various hues, the force of our garden manifests itself.

"Your readers may cry out about the expense of such gardening. So I will wind up with saying that carpets are considered luxuries, *here* very rarely indulged in; you consider them and their unnatural flowers a necessity. Again, Americans consider flower-gardening, in the French sense of the word, a luxury, very rarely indulging in it; whilst *here* it is a necessity."

ON LIME AS A SOIL IMPROVER. — Old gardens are frequently unproductive through being manured year after with the same kind of manure and growing the same crops. In such cases, the vegetables are rank in growth and ill flavored. Potatoes and other roots watery and liable to disease, and peas and beans unproductive, and cauliflowers and cabbages subject to club disease. When such is the case, use no manure for a couple of years. The first spare ground you get trench it two spits deep, if the ground will allow of it, and thoroughly mix with the earth, as you turn it over, a good dressing of fresh slaked lime, the fresher the better. My plan is, when the top spit is thrown to the bottom of the trench, to throw over the hot lime and to fork it in, and to repeat the dose of lime over the lower spit thrown to the surface. Employed in this way, lime acts as a complete renovator of old and over-manured soils, as the produce afterwards will show. The second year I repeat the lime dressing (about half the quantity of the first year,) forking it in instead of digging the ground, as by that means the lime becomes more completely mixed with the soil. I add also a surfacing of road scrapings, if the ground is heavy, or inclined to be so. By these means, giving up manure for two years, I have succeeded in bringing an old garden soil, which would positively grow nothing well, into a first-class soil, producing good crops and of the best quality. — *Turners' Florist.*

THE PLANTS OF JAPAN. — Notwithstanding the Americans were the first to obtain treaties with Japan, they have so far only made use of the commercial advantages connected with them. Rich as the country is known to be in plants, not a word has been said in relation to them. Our government, at great expense, has sent agents to Europe to pick up worthless seeds and plants, which could have been obtained in abundance at home, but has overlooked one of the best opportunities to enrich our gardens with some of the finest trees and shrubs. But if Americans take no interest in such things, enterprising Englishmen do, and they have embraced the earliest opportunity to act. — *Hovey's Magazine.*

MARVEL OF PERU. — This plant is extensively planted on the Continent, where it grows freely, and looks well covered with its many-colored flowers. We rarely see it in Britain, where it might be judiciously introduced as a fine plant for a large lawn bed, or for mixing in borders. It will bloom the first year from seed sown in heat, and afterwards the tuberous roots should be preserved like Dahlias. — *Turner's Florist.*

FRUITS RECEIVED. — From H. N. LANGWORTHY, Esq., Randolph Pine and Perfumed Pine strawberries. These are seedlings of WM. R. PRINCE, and the former Mr. L. considers a very desirable variety.

Inquiries and Answers.

PROPAGATING HONEYSUCKLES. — Inclosed I send the blossom of a monthly Honeysuckle. Will you please give minute directions for propagating the same? Can Petunias be preserved in the cellar through the winter? — A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Honeysuckles may be propagated by layers or cuttings. You would not succeed very well in keeping over the Petunia. It is best to obtain plants at the nursery, or they can be grown from seed every season. Plants may be kept over the winter in a dry, light cellar, but it is hardly worth the care, unless in case of a choice variety.

Domestic Economy.

REMOVING GREASE FROM FLOORS, &c.

THE MOLLIES, JENNIES, and FANNIES, have each contributed their quota of excellent recipes for pies, cakes and puddings, by the means of which many a dainty dish has graced our board and tempted our palates. But in preparing these good things it frequently happens that the kitchen floor becomes a little too grease-*ian* to suit the careful MARTHA — "troubled about much serving" — and she well-nigh loses patience (unless blessed with a good supply,) in the vain endeavor to cleanse the grease bespattered floor, when the ugly stains might be removed in two minutes without any unusual outlay of strength. So instead of sending a recipe for cooking, I send one for cleaning grease from floors; also one for renovating old wall paper.

TO CLEAN GREASE FROM FLOORS. — Spread over the stain a thick coat of soft soap, then pass a heated flat-iron a few times across it, after which, wash immediately with clear warm water. I'll warrant you after this treatment it will never show its vile face again.

RENOVATING OLD WALL PAPER. — The prudent housewife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting-room, as desirous, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in Indian meal. — FRANKIE, *Maple Grove, N. Y.*, 1861.

CHEAP CAKE, COOKIES, ROOT BEER.

CAKE. — One-half cup of sour cream; one cup of sugar; one of buttermilk; a heaping teaspoonful of soda; half teaspoonful of cream tartar. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, and put in a little salt.

COOKIES. — One cup of sugar; one of cream; teaspoonful of soda; salt, and spice or ginger.

ROOT BEER. — For roots, get burdock, sarsaparilla, dandelion, horse-radish, and if you can, wintergreen, with leaves and berries. Clean them, but don't wash more than is necessary; boil in good soft water with hops, and black cherry bark enough to make it pretty bitter. Soak a couple of yeast cakes in water, and stir in flour so that you will have half a pint before rising, — one pint after it rises. Strain the liquor from the roots when well boiled, and when milk-warm add the yeast and molasses to suit the taste. Stir well and cover. — E. C. L. K.

A BATCH OF CAKES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — As I am very much interested in your column of Domestic Economy, I conclude to offer a few recipes, hoping some of them will be acceptable.

CUP CAKE. — One cup of butter; two of sugar; three of flour; four eggs; one cup of sour milk; one teaspoonful saleratus, — bake in small dishes.

A VERY GOOD CAKE. — Four cups of flour; one cup of butter; one do of milk; one do of sugar; one do of molasses; three eggs, well beaten; one teaspoonful saleratus; three ounces of currants, and pure cinnamon to flavor it. Work it together like pound cake, and bake one hour and a half.

RHODE ISLAND CAKE. — Nine cupfuls of flour; four of brown sugar; two of butter; three eggs; four tablespoonfuls of carraway seed, and a teaspoonful of pearlash. — CHARITY P., *Ellington, N. Y.*, 1861.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR FOR PRESERVING. — Put into a preserving-pan as many pounds of sugar as you wish; to each pound of sugar put half a pint of water, and the white of an egg to every four pounds; stir it together until the sugar is dissolved; then set it over a gentle fire; stir it occasionally, and take off the scum as it rises; after a few boilings-up, the sugar will rise so high as to run over the side of the pan; to prevent which, take it from the fire for a few minutes, when it will subside, and leave time for skimming; repeat the skimming until a slight scum or foam only will rise; then take off the pan, lay a slightly wetted napkin over the basin, and then strain the sugar through it; put the skimming into a basin; when the sugar is clarified, rinse the skimmer and basin with a glass of cold water, and put it to the scum, and set it by for common purposes. — *Ohio Farmer.*

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX. — The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff,) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table.

TO STOP BLEEDING. — Asa Kemper, of Ross county, Ohio, writes to the *American Agriculturist*, that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left for hours or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery; the bleeding ceased in five minutes after application. It was left on three days, when it worked loose, was easily removed, and the wound soon healed.

GOOSEBERRY JAM. — Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice; let them boil for ten minutes; then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning; when it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough; put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

RASPBERRY JAM. — Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar, and simmer half an hour. In this way, the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

ROSE WATER. — Will some of the RURAL readers give us a good recipe for making rose water, and oblige — M. E. H., *Napoleon, Henry Co., O.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUMMER.

BY ELLEN C. L. KIMBEL.

Long lines of dusty summer roads
Stretch broad and white across the hills;
Daisies have grown where spring-time floods
Broke into rushing, rippling rills.

The soft, warm breath of summer winds
Strikes the faint harps among the leaves—
So low, that pulses pause within,
Rises the music that they breathe.

Broad fields of golden, waving grain,
Breaking in billows as the sea,
Curve 'round the hill-tops, and again
Wind down the valleys green and free.

So calm! so silent! rose leaves fall
In dreamy death from pendant boughs,
Nature's strong heart-beat, at God's call,
With tides of life the world o'erflows.

Dreams of the Land beyond the sky,
Sweet thoughts and fantasies have we,
Mountains of cloud go sailing by,
White fleets upon a peaceful sea.

And counting them as dreams of life,
Slipped from our grasp and floating on,
Each with the other, half at strife,
And all to windward swiftly blown.

We look beyond them, where our eyes
See the safe Harbor and the Plains,
The land where Life's first fountains rise,
And Life's eternal summer reigns.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LETTER FROM AUNT BETSEY.

THE man that's telling about his wife scolding on Mondays, is in a bid "pickle," to be sure. I'd just like to be lookin' in at the kitchen window next time his "A." washes, and see how things *do* go on, for if he's as much of a saint as a body would think from hearing *his* side of the question, he really ought to be translated away from all that "domestic discord and discontent." As for his wife, she must be a dreadful cross woman, troubled with a drop of black blood in her heart, or something of that kind, if she can't be satisfied when he *tries* to help her.

There's precious few men that have the *knack* of helping a woman more than they hinder, but it always makes *me* good natured just to have JOSHUA *try* to help me, even if he knocked down twenty things where he picked up one, and put the fire all out trying to kindle it, 'cause he showed his good will, and that's the main thing. I don't happen to be *constituted* so that I think a man isn't a *true* man—or as *near* true as anybody gets to be in this world of mortal failin's—if he don't always *see* when he might do a chore to help his wife; for let folks that has boys to bring up, *say* what they will, and *do* what they will, to learn 'em to do chores in the house, if it isn't *in* them to be quick to see, and handy to do, they can't be made over.

But about that scolding and feeling cross on washing days. There's quite a number of reasons why a woman *may* feel out of sorts—some of them "Country Cousin" and the rest have given—and seeing that I've had the cares of a family (as you may know by my gray hairs), maybe I'm qualified to give a little bit of advice, too. It isn't in human natur' to really *like* to be sweating over a tub of hot suds and soiled clothes, breathing steam and scrubbing till shoulders ache and fingers are blistered; and the men would only have to try it a few times to find that it brought out some dirty streaks, even in *their* angelic natures; but when it *has* to be done, a body must make the best of it, and one way to do this is to begin with that first law, order. Know just what you are going to do, and how you are going to do it, then go ahead. If you do your work alone, get your breakfast and have things go on as near right as they generally do; if you go to *snapping*, you'll be likely to get snapped at back again, and that'll be a load for your heart to carry, a sight heavier than any your hands will find. Pick up things, and sweep your rooms, not as thoroughly as you generally do, if you have not the time, but still so that they'll look *decent*, for if you're naturally tidy, having your rooms look worse than usual will be one thing that'll fret you. There's something in your *personal* appearance, too. It's all very well to have a *wash-dress*, but there's no sort of use in having it torn half off the waist, ripped under the arms, or any such thing. I don't blame men for not feeling much like helping a woman in such a rig, with her hair hanging down her back, like enough, and her face looking as *sweet* as could be expected in such a setting out; but if you look as well as you may, and ask as pleasantly as you can (if *he* don't think to do it without asking) to have wood and water brought for you, you'll be likely to get it. Then if you are sensible, you will be very glad to have your liege lord say, "Is there anything more we can do to help you?" to which you will answer, "No, thank you;" and he will go to his work and you to yours, neither of you to be disturbed by the other's petty trials if you are wise enough to keep them to yourselves.

Hoping that the afflicted "A." and his wife may be benefited by confiding their troubles to the public, I am, respectfully, your AUNT BETSEY.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AN HOUR A DAY.

How much may be accomplished by regular and steady application to any undertaking for one hour each day! The value of time can scarcely be appreciated by those who are free to spend as much of it as they choose in pursuits of pleasure or improvement; it is only when business claims the almost exclusive attention that the worth of hours and minutes for purposes of relaxation and intellectual culture is realized. Not quite destitute of enjoyment can that life be reckoned which, though it must be for the most part given to exhausting toil, has yet a taste for elegant employments, and some hours for its indulgence.

An hour a day for reading! Even this limited time gives opportunity during a lifetime for acquaintance with what treasures of Poetry, History, Philosophy, Fiction, Natural Science, besides the various subjects of every-day interest! No one who can command an hour a day for reading need make the want of time an excuse for ignorance. And to such as find a real enjoyment in reading, the pleasure is greater in proportion as the opportunity for indulging in it is less. Doubtless, too, they read with greatest profit who have little time for reading and much for reflection. For, it is needless to say, it is not so much the *quantity* we read, as the *quality*, and the use we make of it, that determines its value to us.

An hour a day for music! Those endowed with the singing gift, or the talent and opportunity for instrumental performance, find their skill and efficiency in this delightful art greatly increased by an hour's daily practice. And in the prosecution of this, more perhaps than any other art, is seen the greater advantage of regular exercise each day, though for a short time, than less frequent drills, but of longer duration. Nor is it essential that one's daily musical practice fill an hour of sixty consecutive minutes; it is, perhaps, even better that the time be divided into sections of fifteen or twenty minutes each, and separated by intervals of two or three hours.

An hour a day for gardening! What creations of beauty can be produced on a small plot of ground with the aid of seeds and gardening implements, and at so little cost of time as an hour a day! Thirty minutes morning and evening faithfully spent in planting seeds, setting roots, hoeing, or pulling weeds, and in the various other processes of culture, are sufficient to keep a garden of moderate size in excellent order the whole summer. And what other material possessions contributes so much to the health, comfort, and pleasure of a family as such a museum of vegetable life? especially if cultivated by their own hands.

An hour a day to sit and muse, to fill the sight with the beauty of earth and sky, to drink in the sweet summer air at leisure to realize how delicious it is, to lend the ear to the pure voices of Nature, and to dream dreams on whatever subjects we please. Not the least of the enjoyments of life is an hour a day to sit and muse. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMAN BORN TO DO THE LOVING.

IN a recent issue of the RURAL, I saw the above text enlarged upon by a "late moralist." Now, with all proper respect for the writer of such a sentiment, we would inquire why, if his idea is true, women are born with such a *talent* for being loved? Why are women never all they could be mentally and morally, unless an affection equal to their own warms and blesses their hearts? There are no more melancholy wrecks to be seen in the moral world than of unhappy wives whose husbands have either recklessly or selfishly left them to do the loving.

Women cannot live on their own affection, and if the out-goings of their feelings toward those they love are not appreciated and returned—and they know instinctively whether they are or not—they go through life with a vacancy of heart that nothing can atone for to them.

It is true that there are a thousand little sacrifices to be made, little acts of tenderness to be performed, that are the peculiar legacy of woman; but in the marriage relation, a woman is not truly happy unless there exists between her and her husband *mutual forbearance—mutual love.*

Many a woman passes the lonely years of her life in envying those who seem more blest than herself in the possession of some one to love them. Many a man of a refined and sensitive nature lives with a lonely yearning at his heart, because his commonplace wife cannot return his affection in kind. There is no blame attached to those who act up to the measure of their ability, but the pain of unrequited love is just as keen, perhaps, as if it were wantonly withheld.

Because, from his different constitution, the manifestation of his affection is different from hers, is no good reason why man should coolly lay the double burden on her, with the sage assurance that "woman was born to do the loving." E. C. D.

Geneva, Wis., 1861.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

WHEN you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for *them* to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than without it, provided it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school-house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore couldn't laugh and shout, and so nature, in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights, just now, upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But, oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on."

THE WAY TO LIVE.—A physician full of truth wrote the following:—The roses of this life are all found in the pathway of truth. Yet turn we ever so little aside, and the nettles of existence beset us on every hand. On the cheeks of the obedient to physiological laws only, do the roses of health bloom perennially. Those only who riotously trample on, or unwittingly transgress them, find the lurking serpent of disease gnawing perpetually at their vitals, and their hold on life as frail as "the spider's most attenuated thread." The roses or the nettles are ours; let us be wise. Instead of struggling through life and agonizing through death, let us, by learning and obeying the "laws of constitution and relation," so discipline and harmonize all our functions of body and mind, that when "summoned to that mysterious realm," we can depart,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—*Herald of Progress.*

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Oh! why should doubts distress us,
And gloomy fears annoy?
When Life was meant to bless us,
And fill our hearts with joy.
Why, caring for the morrow,
Should we forget to-day,—
And, brooding o'er our sorrow,
Fling all our joys away?

When roses bloom in beauty
Shall we pluck but the thorns?
And from the path of Duty
Remove all that adorns?
Shall we shut out the sunlight,
And wrap our souls in cloud,
And live as if dim twilight
Must everything enshroud?

Oh, why should cares perplex us
Thoughout the live-long day,
And petty trials vex us,
And drive our smiles away?
It surely would be better,
As all can tell who've tried,
To break Care's galling fetter,
And *Look on the Bright Side.*

Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A STROLL THROUGH THE FIELDS.

JUNE is the month of battles and of blossoms. The red, white, and blue, wave in meadows, orchards, and gardens, and over tented fields. The air is full of fragrance and bird-music. It is a balmy, happy, exhilerating season, freighted with song and fragrance. Just down there in the black ash swamp, there is a troop of black birds—a rollicking, racketing, loquacious party, evidently out on a bender. They look like shreds of last night entangled in the bushes.

Down through the glens and ravines, the streams roll in rapture, never complaining because there are impediments in their path. On they go, dancing, shouting, and singing, halting here and there to kiss a maiden flower, a stray violet, or wild lily, that has leaned over the banks to look at the pictures of their own loveliness mirrored in the water. It is said that NARCISSUS fell in love with himself when he saw his own image reflected in the water, and afterwards pined away into a daffodil. There stands a daffodil. I have analyzed some of its blossoms, but can find nothing there so insignificant as the dapper little dandies it stands for in song and fable. Flowers are fragrant—they are ornaments—they have medicinal virtues—they are "the alphabet of angels." They show that GOD (speak it with reverence,) is a being of infinite taste. But dandies, while like the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, though SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them, are of no use whatever. They are not useful—they are not ornamental—they are not intelligent—they are not magnanimous. They will not work, because they are indolent—they will not fight, because they are cowards. Will not the ladies be so good as to make nightcaps and petticoats for them, and put them away in dry goods boxes until the war is over?

Look at that blue bird; there is not a cloud spot on his sky-blue coat—no harsh storm of coming winter grates in the "summer of his song." The flowers seem to wake from their lethargy under the inspiration of his soft, sweet music—and the young leaves put their tender lips together and whisper pleasant compliments. There, too, is the sunny bosom of the robin. His yellow bill, shady wings, and dusky cap, are always welcome. A dear litte woman in a farm house hard by has petted the birds and fed them so that they are tame as chickens. The brown bird hops about the threshold to pick up the crumbs. The robin flies straight into the kitchen, never fearing the cat, which has been taught to respect every creature that wears wings. The phœbe bird has a nest in the cornice over the front door, and the children have climbed up and counted the eggs, but they know better than to disturb the mother bird when she desires to sit upon her treasures.

In the field, within a stone's throw, stands an elm on which an oriole has swung his hammock. It seems to me that birds are endowed with the attribute of taste. They build their nests in the most graceful and beautiful trees and bushes. The elm is the queen of the American forest. It grows taller and remains green longer than any other tre Its language is patriotism. Did the reader eve notice the fact that it holds more birds' nests than any other tree? A number of naked throats lean over the edge of that hammock of hair, and wool, and wild grass. What awkward, angular, and unlovely looking objects these birdlings are; but wait until these birds of song blossom into golden orioles. There, too, is that harlequin of the air, the swallow, performing his gymnastic feats, and twittering in and out from the eaves of the old gray barn. The luxuriant growth of grass in the vicinity affords a fine shelter to the vast family of young bobolinks that people the meadows.

I may as well state here that I am in the great cheese county of Herkimer, and in the beautiful town of Columbia. The fields through which I am strolling, belong to HENRY YOUNG, a celebrated cheese maker, whose cheese always commands the highest market price; he is a member of your great parish of readers. Beyond the hill is the dingy shop where his brother, DAVID G. YOUNG, manufactures the famous cheese knives, whose praise is on the lips of every dairywoman in the land. This little town, so sparsely settled, the farmers find it difficult to secure hands enough to do their haying and harvesting, has sent thirty-five stalwart men to the seat of war—and I have no doubt they will give the rebels "Hail Columbia" when they reach them.

There goes a snake! I was just thinking about the snake among the stars on the flag of South Carolina, but the associations are unpleasant, so let us pick up the strawberries scattered like rubies over the pathway. These delicious morsels are scattered broadcast over hill and vale, growing on every variety of soil and in every latitude. They are sprinkled over mountain and island, defying the frost and snow of the north, and the burning heat of the torrid zone. What a wealth of flowers Nature has strewn hereabouts. They are "the joy of the shrubs which bear them, the stars of the earth, the effusions of love, beauty, and grace." They are made to gratify the taste of man, and perhaps they gladden unseen spirits that come on missions of mercy to the world. Children will gather them, sort them, and sing over them, and never weary of their company. With adults, they are used as letters to spell out the passions of our nature. Botany is one of the most interesting studies that the range of science can afford—presenting to the mind an uninterrupted succession of symmetrical forms, beautiful colors, and sweet odors. The girlish rose, the lady lily, the modest daisy, the snow drop, and the innumerable members of the sweet sisterhood, have each a separate charm.

Should these impromptu notes fall under the eye of any young lady who has leisure, I trust she will make herself familiar with the delightful science of Botany. Just before me is a delicate cluster of milk-white petals growing upon stems which hold them up to the lips. It is the Grecian Val-rian, and seems to be scented with the concentrated essence of a meadow of sweet hay,—I cannot enumerate the Forget-me-nots, the Pansies, the Pinks, and last, but not least, the Dandelions.

There is a cloud,—the tempest drum shakes the heavens—the lightning leaps out from the gray wall, and the rain, so much needed, has come at last, and I must hasten to the cottage which stands, like a nest, in the bushes.

When I cast my eye over these green fields and waving meadows, I see an unanswerable argument in favor of labor. Signs of thrift and comfort bear ready witness to the fact that labor meets with a sure reward. Nature has given each one of us two hands and one mouth, teaching plainly the lesson that we should earn our bread before we eat it. He who scorns the laborer is like HERMES, who had a mouth but no hands, and with that mouth made faces at those who did the work, mocking the fingers that fed him. Seven years' indolence would starve half the world to death. Agriculture supplies the bread table at which the world is fed—Grass and not Cotton is king. The grass crop is of greater value than the crop of cotton. Hurrah for King Grass! Three cheers for King Grass! Crown King Grass with the sweetest flowers! Let the birds sing hymns in honor of King Grass! Let the showers baptize King Grass! Let the thunder proclaim the fact that Grass is King! Let the lightning sabre the enemies of King Grass! Come to thy throne of honor and power, King Grass! Sway thy sceptre over thy subjects, King Grass. We thank thee, King Grass, for milk, and butter, and cheese, and meat. We thank thee, King Grass, for the bread stored away for the brute creation. We will sustain thy rule and be the cheerful subjects of thy sway. G. W. BUNGAY.

WHAT WE HATE TO LEARN.

ONE thing very slowly learnt by most human beings is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed, and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost every commonplace man and woman in this world has a vague but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from anybody else, and of course quite superior to everybody else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one is quite sufficient. I believe that, if a grocer or silk-mercer in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or the silk-mercer is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant, when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown, and he will give it a little better." The grocer, keenly alive to the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four-and-six-pence a pound *to any one else*, but *to you* it is only four-and-three-pence."

Judging from my own observation, I should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact, in the constitution of the human mind, that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity,—that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath, if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry, if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks or Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them, quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed—at least, with the class to which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly cannot be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that: there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age." It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed! Was it for *this* that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself a unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a class of young men? Now in my friend's half playful reminiscence I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WIT THAT IS NOT WISDOM.—The chief bar to the action of the imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest and jeer, so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw or failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies, and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not nor cannot be any hope of the achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us if we are to broil them on a thorn fire.—*Ruskin.*

PARENTS must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government, firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

LET a man be a plain, quiet worker, not proclaiming himself melodiously in any wise, but familiar with us, unpretending, letting all his littlenesses and feeblenesses be seen unhindered, and wearing an ill-cut coat withal, and though he be such a man as is only sent on earth once in five hundred years, for some special human teaching, we shall not be likely to call him inspired.

FEW persons are worth loving who have not something in them worth laughing at.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

O, SOFTLY, softly tread,
The friends are weeping;
Still is the little form—
The babe is sleeping.

Cold is the marble brow,
Its throbbings o'er;
Closed are the sightless eyes,
They weep no more.

Pale are the icy hands
Upon its breast;
Silent the beating heart,
For aye at rest.

Still are the pattering feet,
They come no more;
They tread the golden street
Of the other shore.

That soft and bird-like voice,
Though silent here,
The heavenly choir doth swell
In yon bright sphere.

No sickness there can blight
The budding flower;
For on the "Shining Shore,"
Death hath no power.

Then raise a joyous note—
Away with weeping;
The baby is not dead—
'Tis only sleeping.

Greene, Ohio, 1861. NELLIE K.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR INHERITANCE.

WHERE is it? Is it in that beautiful place where the pure river of the water of life flows through verdant plains, where groves of trees, ever green, are laden with golden fruit and health-giving leaves, and the inhabitants never say, "I am sick?" Have we a mansion prepared for us in that holy city paved with gold, walled with jasper, and garnished with precious stones, whose massive gates are each a pearl? Can we call GOD, the great Author, our Father,—are we joint heirs with CHRIST, to an inheritance so princely, so priceless? If so, then are we rich indeed.

But, if we have not title deeds to a more enduring inheritance than the forest-crowned hills and flowery vales of earth, we are poor, *very poor*, though we may count our possessions by tens of millions; for to all our earthly goods we can have but a paltry life-lease, a life-lease which will be worse than worthless when we become an inhabitant of the eternal world.

The glorious home awaiting the sons of GOD we may not hope to share, nor even taste the cooling waters which proceed from the throne of GOD. Our names are forever erased from the great family record—disowned by our Father, and eternally debarred from entering His presence. O, my soul! how sad a fate—rendered doubly more sad by the bitter reflection that our own hands closed the pearly gates opened by our loving SAVIOR when he left the shining courts of the "beautiful city," and came to our sin-cursed earth with offers of salvation.

Now, shall we, who have still "the day and means of grace," spurn the priceless gift so freely offered, choosing, rather, glittering bubbles that dazzle our eyes for a time, but, fleeting as a shadow, quickly disappear, leaving us at last in darkness and despair? Shall we not, rather, strive first to lay up treasures in heaven, and, by self-denial and little deeds of love, constantly add thereunto, so that each successive day may find our inheritance increasing? Then, when our barques have safely passed all the breakers of life, and in triumph entered the port on "the shining shore," we shall find awaiting us a rich, a perpetual inheritance. F. M. TURNER.

Oxford, N. Y., 1861.

SURFACE RELIGION.

MEN use religion as ships do buoys and life-preservers. They are not used for purposes of navigation, but just enough are kept on hand, so that, in case a storm comes up, and the vessel is shipwrecked, those on board can stick them under their arms, and float to a safe harbor. And men mean to keep enough religion by them to bear them up in time of trouble. But I tell you, you will find air-holes in all such religious life-preservers. A man's religion, to be worth anything, must be a religion that takes possession of him from head to foot. Nothing is religion that does not enter into a man's thoughts and feelings, and the arrangements of his life. That miserable varnish, that miserable whitewash, which men stick on the outside, and call religion; that chattering of prayers, and humming of religious airs; all face-religion; all religion of hours and days; all Sunday-keeping religion; all that so-called religion which is but an external covering of pride and selfishness, of worldliness and vanity—it has the curse and wrath of God abiding upon it. Nowhere is there such a terrific invective against such a religion as that which fell from the lips of Christ Jesus. It is enough to make a man tremble, to give a man the chills and fever, to walk through those chapters in the Bible where Christ preached to hypocritical men.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BORROWING TROUBLE.—We are apprehensive that many persons are tempted to limit, or cease altogether, their contributions to charitable and religious objects—including wants of the mind—through fear that the civil war may cause hard times. This is not a strange feeling. It would not be strange if it truly foreshadows the future. But Christians ought to resist and overcome it. It is unbelief to withhold from the cause of God and from ourselves a due proportion of the means with which his providence has favored us, lest peradventure he may hereafter grant us less. It will be time enough to retrench in that direction when the necessity for it has come upon us. The Scriptural rule is to give and provide as God *has* prospered us, not as we may conjecture that he will prosper us a year hence. "Trust in the Lord and *do good*, and verily thou shalt be fed."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

CONFESSION.—The impulse to confession almost always requires the presence of a fresh ear and a fresh heart; and in our moments of spiritual need, the man to whom we have no tie but our common nature, seems nearer to us than mother, brother or friend. Our daily familiar life is but the hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the furthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good.—*George Eliot.*

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

Important Positions, Batteries, Intrenchments, Fortifications, and Encampments.



The issue of the RURAL for May 4th contained a map of the then Seat of War in the "Eastern Department," which map embraced a small portion of Central and Southern Pennsylvania, the States of Maryland and Delaware, the District of Columbia, and Eastern Virginia. At the date referred to, it was thought by many that the rebel DAVIS was about to execute his threat of "fighting the North upon their own soil;" but that period having passed away forever, and the scene of hostilities being transferred to the "Mother of Presidents," it has become necessary to sketch, on an enlarged scale, the present field of operations. With as good a guide as our engraving furnishes readers can trace the movements of each as are endeavoring to degrade and disgrace their country, and also of those who are gallantly battling for Right, Liberty, and Law.

Prominent among the points of special interest at the present juncture is Martinsburg, the evacuation of which by the rebels was noticed in our last issue. At this place quite a little encounter was had, but the Federal troops successfully routed the traitors and cut-throats. Furthermore is now in full control. Martinsburg is the capital of Berkeley county, is 21 miles northwest from Harper's Ferry, and 109 north by west from Richmond. From this section, one of the columns destined to march upon Richmond, is to set forth. When a movement is made, it will probably be in the direction of Winchester. It is thought that in an attack upon the rebels quartered in the latter place, the Western column of Gen. McCLELLAN, (which has left numerous memorials of its presence with the secessionists of Western Virginia), now marching via Romney and that of Gen. F., will act in concert.

From Alexandria forward into Virginia may be found the head-quarters of Gen. McDOWELL. Here there is concentrated a very large number of soldiers, and they are composed of sterling material. Destined to play an exceedingly important part in the storming difficulties, when the orders are given for the forward movement upon Virginia's capital, we have no doubt that this column of our army will fail in the performance of any duty which the fortunes of war may decree. The immense labors for the protection of Washington these soldiers have already carried to a successful result, are a guarantee of their fitness for the trying position they have voluntarily accepted,—when the time comes to strike the ring of the metal will tell their story.

At Fortress Monroe (see south-eastern portion of map,) is a large number of the stalwarts and stay portions of the Union and its doubters. These are being prepared for their share in the conflict under the command of Major-Gen. BUTLER. Extensive and thorough experiments with projectiles are being made almost daily under the Major-General's supervision, and his men will enter upon active field operations officially effected, drilled, armed, and equipped.

A fifth division of the Federal forces will probably move through the Kanawha Valley, striking at or near Staunton, in South-Western Virginia.

Attacked from all points but the South, it is evident, be the result what it may, that the lottery of Secession is fast proving a "curse to Virginia." "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap," and the fearful harvest is quickly ripening upon the soil hitherto made sacred as the birthplace of him whose name is to-day the watchword of Union.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

THE Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the RURAL—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Up! up with the Stars and the Stripes, and go forth
To save our great Union, brave men of the North!
Nor rest till the Star-Spangled Banner ye see
Triumphantly float from the Palmetto tree!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 20, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Reports of the Secretaries.

OUR space is so limited that we can publish only abstracts of those Reports which possess peculiar interest at the present juncture,—emanating from the Treasury, War, and Navy Departments. We have endeavored, however, to give the material facts contained by each:

TREASURY.—Secretary Chase says:—A vast conspiracy against the Union of the United States, and the very existence of the National Government, which has been gathering strength, and preparing hostilities in secret for many years, has at length broken out into flagrant violence, and has assumed proportions so serious, that an extraordinary exertion of the public force, creating extraordinary demands upon the public resources, is required for its speedy and complete discomfiture and suppression. In the judgment of the Secretary the clearest understanding of the actual condition of the public finances, and of the measures demanded by its exigencies, will be obtained by considering the whole subject under the following general heads:

First—The balance arising from the receipts and expenditures of the fiscal year, 1861, ending on the 30th of June.

Two—The demands upon the Treasury, arising under existing appropriations, and created by the new year, 1862, exigencies for which provision is to be made during the fiscal year.

Three—The best way of providing for these demands, and the means available for that purpose.

As to the first and second branches, the Secretary shows an aggregate of appropriations already made of seventy-nine million seven hundred and ten thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars and eight cents. He proceeds:

The additional estimates herewith submitted for the service of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1861, including the deficiency caused by the application of $6,298,859.06 to the service of the preceding year, will require additional appropriations. For civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous objects, $831,496.90; for the Interior Department, $431,525.75; for the War Department, $185,296,397.19; for the Navy Department, $30,609,520.29; in the aggregate $217,168,850.15. In addition to these demands upon the treasury, it will be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes due and maturing, to the amount of $12,639,861.64, and for the payment of the interest on the public debt, to be created during the year, which, computed for the average of the six months, may be estimated at $9,000,000. After further figuring, the Secretary says the whole amount required for the fiscal year of 1862 may therefore be stated at $318,519,581.87.

On the third branch—viz., the Ways and Means—the Secretary says:—To provide the large sums required for ordinary expenditure and by the existing emergency, it is quite apparent duties on imports, the chief resources for ordinary disbursements, will not be adequate.

The deficiency of revenue, whether from imports or other sources, must necessarily be supplied from loans, and the problem to be solved is that of so proportioning the former to the latter, and so adjusting the details of both, that the whole amount needed may be obtained with certainty, with due economy, with the least possible inconvenience, and with the greatest possible incidental benefit to the people.

The Secretary has given to this important subject the best consideration which the urgency of his varied public duties has allowed, and now submits to the consideration of Congress, with great deference and no little distrust of his own judgment, the conclusions to which he has arrived. He is of the opinion that $80,000,000 should be provided by taxation, and that $240,000,000 should be sought through loans. It will hardly be disputed that in every sound system of finance, adequate provision by taxation for the prompt discharge of all ordinary demands, for the punctual payment of the interest on loans, and for the creation of a gradually increasing fund for the redemption of the principal, is indispensable. Public credit can only be created by public faith, and public faith can only be maintained by an economical, energetic and prudent administration of public affairs, and by the prompt and punctual fulfillment of every public obligation.

WAR.—Secretary Cameron observes:—The commanding officers of the regiments in the volunteer service, both for the three months' service and for the war, have in many instances not yet furnished the department with the muster rolls of their regiments. For the want of these returns, it is impossible to present as accurate an enumeration of the volunteer force accepted and in the field, as could be desired. Under the proclamation issued by you on the 15th of April last, the Governors of different States were called upon to detach from the militia under their command a certain quota, to serve as infantry or riflemen for the period of three months, unless sooner discharged. The call so made amounted in the aggregate to ninety-four regiments, making 73,391 officers and men. Of the States called upon, the Governors of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky and Missouri peremptorily refused to comply with the requirements made by the department. All the other States promptly furnished the number required of them, except Maryland, whose Governor, though manifesting entire readiness to comply, was prevented from so doing by the outbreak at Baltimore.

In the State of Virginia, Delaware and Missouri, notwithstanding the positive refusal of their executive officers to co-operate with the Government, patriotic citizens voluntarily united together, and organized regiments for the Government service. Delaware and Virginia furnished each a regiment, both of which are on duty in the field. In a similar patriotic spirit, the loyal people of Missouri raised a force of 11,445 officers and men, making, in round numbers, twelve organized regiments, to sustain the Government and put down rebellion in that State. And so, also, the citizens of the District of Columbia, emulating these honorable examples, furnished no less than 2823 officers and men, making in all four full regiments, all of which are yet in the field, doing active and efficient service. Thus, notwithstanding the refusal of disloyal Governors to respond, the Government, instead of having been furnished with only the number of troops called for under your proclamation of the 15th April last, has received, and has now in service, under that call, in round numbers, at least eighty thousand.

Under your second proclamation, of the 4th May last, calling for volunteers to serve during the war, there have been accepted, up to this date, 208 regiments. A number of other regiments have been accepted, but on condition of being ready to be mustered into the service within a specified time, the limitation of which has, in some instances, not expired. It is not possible to state how many of these may be ready before the meeting of Congress. Of the regiments accepted, all are infantry and riflemen, with the exception of two battalions of artillery and four regiments of cavalry. A number of regiments mustered as infantry, have, however, attached to them one or more artillery companies, and there are also some regiments partly made up of companies of cavalry. Of the 208 regiments accepted for three years, there are now 153 in active service; and the remaining 55 are mostly ready, and all of them will be in the field within the next twenty days.

Total force now in the field may be computed as follows:

Regulars and volunteers for three months and for the war		235,000
Add to this fifty-five regiments of volunteers for the war, accepted and not yet in service	50,000	
Add new regiments of regular army	25,000	
		75,000
Total force now at command of Government		310,000
Deduct the three months' volunteers		80,000
Force for service after the withdrawal of the three months' men		230,000

It will thus be perceived that after the discharge of the three months troops, there will be still an available force of volunteers amounting to 188,000, which, added to the regular army, will constitute a total force of 230,000 officers and men. It will be for Congress to determine whether this army shall at this time be increased by the addition of a still larger volunteer force.

The extraordinary exigencies which have called this great army into being, have rendered necessary, also, a very considerable augmentation of the regular arm of the service. The demoralization of the regular army, caused by the treasonable conduct of many of its commanding officers, the distant posts at which the greater part of the troops were stationed, and the unexampled rapidity of the spread of the rebellion, convinced those high in command in the service, as well as this department, that an increase of the regular army was indispensable. The subject was accordingly brought to your attention, and, after careful examination, an increase was authorized by your proclamation issued on the 4th of May last.

This increase consists of one regiment of cavalry, of twelve companies, numbering, in the maximum aggregate, 1,189 officers and men; one regiment of artillery, of twelve batteries, of six pieces each, numbering, in the maximum aggregate, 1,909 officers and men, nine regiments of infantry, each regiment containing three battalions of eight companies each, numbering, in the maximum aggregate, 5,452 officers and men—making a maximum increase of infantry of 22,068 officers and men.

In the enlistment of men to fill the additional regiments of the regular army, I would recommend that the term of enlistment be made three years, to correspond with the call of May 4th, for volunteers; and that to all who shall receive an honorable discharge at the close of their term of service, a bounty of one hundred dollars shall be given.

The mounted troops of the old army consist of five regiments, with a maximum aggregate of 4,460 men. Not more than one-fourth of these troops are available for service at the seat of war. At least two regiments of artillery are unavailable, being stationed on the Western coast and in the Florida forts.

The increase of infantry is comparatively large, but this arm of the service is that which the General-in-Chief recommended as being most efficient.

The reports of the chiefs of the different bureaus of this department, which are herewith submitted, present the estimates of the probable amount of appropriations required, in addition to those already made for the year ending June 30, 1861, for the force now in the field, or which has been accepted and will be in service within the next twenty days, as follows:

Quartermaster's Department	$ 70,289,200 21
Subsistence Department	27,278,781 50
Ordnance Department	7,468,172 00
Pay Department	67,845,402 48
Adjutant General's Department	408,000 00
Engineer Department	685,000 00
Topographical Engineer Department	60,000 00
Surgeon-General's Department	1,271,841 00
Due States which have made advances for troops	10,000,000 00
Total	$185,296,397 19

NAVY.—Secretary Welles, speaking of the number of vessels in the Navy, says the total on the 4th of March was ninety, carrying, or designed to carry, about 2,415 guns. Excluding vessels on the stocks, those unfinished, those used as stationary storeships and receiving ships, and those considered inexpedient to repair, the available force was:

	Guns.
1 Ship-of-the-line	84
8 Frigates	400
20 Sloops	406
3 Brigs	16
3 Storeships	7
6 Steam frigates	212
5 first-class steam sloops	90
4 First-class side-wheel steamers	46
8 Second class steam sloops	45
5 Third-class screw steamers	28
4 Second class side-wheel steamers	8
2 Steam tenders	4
69	1,346

Of this force the following were in commission, the remainder being in ordinary, dismantled, &c.:

	Guns.
2 Frigates	100
11 Sloops	232
3 Storeships	7
1 Screw frigate	12
5 First-class steam sloops	90
3 Side-wheel steamers	35
8 Second-class steam sloops	45
5 Third class screw steamers	28
3 Side-wheel steamers	5
1 Steam tender	1
42	555

These vessels had a complement, exclusive of officers and marines, of about 7,600 men, and nearly all of them were on foreign stations. The home squadron consisted of twelve vessels, carrying 187 guns and about 2,000 men. Of this squadron, only four small vessels, carrying 25 guns and about 280 men, were in Northern ports.

Of the 69 vessels, carrying 1,346 guns, hereinbefore mentioned as available for service on the 4th of March last, the sloop Levant has been given up as lost in the Pacific; the steamer Fulton was seized at Pensacola; and one frigate, two sloops and one brig were burned at Norfolk. These vessels carried 172 guns. The other vessels destroyed at Norfolk were considered worthless, and are not included in the list of available vessels.

These losses left at the disposal of the department 62 vessels, carrying 1,174 guns, all of which are now, or soon will be, in commission, with the exception of the

Vermont, ship-of-the-line	84
Brandywine, frigate	50
Decatur, sloop, at San Francisco	16
John Hancock, steam tender, at San Francisco	3

There have been recently added to the navy, by purchase, 12 steamers, carrying from 2 to 9 guns each, and three sailing vessels. There have been chartered nine steamers, carrying from 2 to 9 guns each. By these additions the naval force in commission has been increased to 82 vessels, carrying upward of 1,100 guns, and with a marine complement of about 13,000 men, exclusive of officers and marines. There are also several steamboats and other small craft which are temporarily in the service of the department.

The squadron on the Atlantic coast, under the command of Flag-officer S. H. Stringham, consists of 22 vessels, 296 guns and 3,800 men.

The squadron in the Gulf, under the command of Flag-officer William Mervine, consists of 21 vessels, 582 guns and 3,500 men.

Additions have been made to each of the squadrons of two or three small vessels that have been captured and taken into the service. The steamers Pawnee and Pocahontas, and the flotilla under the late Commander Ward, with several steamboats in charge of naval officers, have been employed on the Potomac river, to prevent communication with that portion of Virginia which is in insurrection. Great service has been rendered by this armed force, which has been vigilant in intercepting supplies, and in protecting transports and supply vessels in their passage up and down the Potomac.

The squadron in the Pacific, under the command of Flag-officer John B. Montgomery, consists of six vessels, 82 guns and 1,000 men.

The West India squadron is under the command of Flag-officer G. J. Pendergast, who has been temporarily on duty, with his flag-ship, the Cumberland, at Norfolk and Hampton Roads, since the 23d of March. He will, at an early day, transfer his flag to the steam frigate Roanoke, and proceed southward, having in charge our interests on the Mexican and Central American coasts, and in the West India islands.

The East India, Mediterranean, Brazil and African squadrons, excepting one vessel of each of the two latter, have been recalled.

The return of these vessels will add to the force for service in the Gulf and on the Atlantic coast about 200 guns and 2,600 men.

Since the 4th of March two hundred and fifty-nine officers of the Navy have resigned their commissions or been dismissed from the service. This diminution of officers, at a time when the force was greatly enlarged, and when the whole naval armament of the country was put in requisition, has compelled the department to send many of our public vessels to sea without a full complement of officers. To some extent this deficiency has been supplied by gentlemen formerly connected with the Navy, who had retired to civil pursuits in peaceable time, but who, in the spirit of true patriotism, came promptly forward in the hour of their country's peril and made voluntary tender of their services to sustain the flag and the country.

Congress — Extra Session.

SENATE.—Mr. Fessenden, from the Committee on Finance, reported the House bill, for the payment of the militia and volunteers, with an amendment, making an appropriation of five and three quarter millions of dollars. The amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.

Mr. Clark, of N. H., called up the resolution offered yesterday, in regard to the expulsion of Mason, Hunter, Clingman, Bragg, Chestnut, Nicholson, Sebastian, Mitchell, Hemphill, and Wigfall, being those Senators who had not made their appearance, and who vacated their seats at the last session.

Mr. Latham, of Cal., said he should not vote for expulsion. He would vote to have the names stricken from the roll, and their seats declared vacant. He knew that one of these Senators was not in favor of secession, but he thought he had no right to remain in his seat after the return of his State. He moved to strike out the word expelled. The amendment of Mr. Latham was disagreed to. Ayes, 11; nay, 32. The resolution was then passed; ayes, 32; nays, 11.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., presented the credentials of the Senators elect in Virginia — W. B. Wiley in place of Mr. Mason, and J. S. Carlisle in place of Mr. Hunter. Mr. Johnson said that he looked upon it as a favorable omen for the return of the old Dominion to this body.

Mr. Bayard protested against the admission of these gentlemen as Senators in place of Senators whose terms of office had not expired. He thought a very grave question was involved. He moved to refer the credentials to the Committee on Judiciary before administering the oath. A long discussion followed, in which various Senators participated. A vote being finally taken, the motion was disagreed to, by ayes 5, nays 35. The new Virginia Senators were then sworn in amid suppressed applause, breaking forth as they took the oath.

The loan bill was then taken up and several amendments from the committee on finance adopted.

The bill to increase the present military establishment was then taken up.

Mr. King offered an amendment that within six months after the insurrection shall be suppressed, the army be restored to what it was by the act of May, 1801. Agreed to.

Also that the President cause officers and privates to be discharged, so as to reduce the army in accordance. The previous amendment was agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, the bill for the better organization of military establishment, was taken up. An amendment was passed providing for the support of a Military Academy, to be selected from the army Topographical and Ordnance force.

An amendment was adopted increasing the army rations, providing for 22 ozs. of bread or flour, instead of 18; one pound of hard bread, fresh beef instead of salt, when required, beans and rice, potatoes, when practicable, three times a week.

The amendment to increase the salary of chaplains led to considerable discussion, but passed. The bill was then passed — yeas 35, nays 5.

HOUSE — The Committee of the Whole, on the State of the Union, also reported a bill to provide for the payment of the militia and volunteers called into the service of the United States by the proclamation of the President, of April 18th, 1861, from the time they were called into service till the 30th of June.—Passed.

On motion of Mr. Cox, it was

Resolved, That the President of the United States, if compatible with the public service, communicate to this House any correspondence which our Government has had with the Government of Spain with reference to the incorporation of the Dominican territory with the Spanish Monarchy, and what protest, if any, our Government has made against the insolent and aggressive conduct of the Spanish Government.

On motion of Mr. Olin a resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney General to lay before the House a copy of his opinion referred to in the President's special message.

Resolution was amended at the instance of Mr. Vallandingham, so as to call for a report in relation to suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus.*

On motion of Mr. Blair the House went in Committee of Whole on the bill to authorize the employment of volunteers to aid in suppressing rebellion and defending the United States. The President is authorized, by the bill, to accept service of volunteers, either cavalry or infantry, as he may deem proper, to the number of 500,000, and to pay expenses of same, $500,000,000 are appropriated.

Mr. Allen desired to amend so as to limit the acceptance of volunteers to one year, believing that the rebellion can be put down in less than three years.

Mr. Diven offered an amendment that the officers to be appointed to the forces authorized by this bill, be selected from persons educated at West Point, or from persons who have served in the regular army not less than five years.

The bill was subsequently reported to the House, when the amendments were concurred in, including the following proposition by Mr. Colfax:—All letters written by soldiers may be transmitted through the mails without pre-payment of postage, under such circumstances as the Postmaster-General may prescribe. The postage to be paid by the recipient. The bill passed.

The opinion of the Attorney-General, on questions referred to in the President's Message, including the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, was received and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On motion of Mr. Cox, of Ohio, it was resolved that the President of the United States, at the beginning of the next session of Congress, or at this session, if compatible with the public service, communicate to this House all the correspondence with the English, French, Spanish, and other Governments, with reference to the rights of blockade, privateering and recognition of the so-called Confederate States of America.

On motion of Mr. Conklin it was resolved that a committee of seven be appointed by the Speaker to report to this House in what manner and to what extent the United States Government expenditure may be reduced, and what offices may be dispensed with.

A message was received from the President. He approved of the bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers called into service up to the 30th June last.

Mr. Hickman, of Pa., presented a memorial from Chas. S. Foster claiming his election as a Representative from the first district of North Carolina. Referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. Burnett, of Ky., offered a resolution which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War to furnish the several reports made from Gen. Harvey, lately connected with the forces in Missouri.

It was amended on motion of Mr. Washburne, of Me., by adding the words, "if consistent with the public interests."

The Western War Department.

THE news from the West is very exciting, and must be grateful to all Union men. Lieut. Torkins, Col. Seigel's adjutant, and bearer of dispatches to Col. Harding, at the St. Louis arsenal, gives the following additional particulars of the battle near Carthage, Mo. State troops were posted on a ridge, in a prairie, with five pieces of artillery, one twelve pounder in the center, two six pounders on the right and left, cavalry on each flank, and infantry in the rear. The artillery of Col. Seigel, approached within 800 yards, with four cannon in the center, a body of infantry, and a six pounder under Lieut. Col. Hasserdan on the left. Col. Sullivan's command with a six pounder on the right, and a body of infantry behind the center artillery.

Col. Siegel's left opened fire with Shrapnell, and soon the engagement became general. The rebels had no grape, and their artillery service being poor, the balls flew over the heads of the federal troops. After two hours firing the enemy's artillery was entirely silenced and their ranks broken. About 1,500 rebel cavalry then attempted to outflank Siegel and cut off his baggage train, which was three miles back, when a retrograde movement was ordered. The train was reached in good order, surrounded by infantry and artillery and the retreat of United States troops continued until a point was reached where the road passed through a high bluff on each side, where the enemy's cavalry were posted in large numbers. By a feint, as if intending to pass around the bluff, Seigel drew the cavalry in a solid body into the wood, at a distance of 150 yards from his position, when by a rapid movement of his artillery, he fired a heavy cross fire of canister into their ranks, at the same time the infantry charged at a double quick, and in ten minutes the State troops scattered in every direction. Eighty-five riderless horses were captured, and 65 Sharpe guns and a number of revolvers and bowie knives were picked up from the ground.

Col. Seigel did not surround Carthage as heretofore reported, but attempted to reach a piece of woods north of the town, and after two hours desperate fighting, in which all forces on both sides were engaged, and in which Lieut. Torkin thinks the enemy lost nearly 200 killed, he succeeded in doing so, and the enemy retired to Carthage, and Siegel fell back on Larcoxie, where he forwarded next day to Mount Vernon. Lieut. Torkins left on the evening of the 7th, and rode to Rolla, 153 miles in 29 hours. He met Gen. Sweeney's command five miles, and Col. Brown's 16 miles from Mount Vernon, pressing forward to reinforce Siegel.

About two o'clock on the 11th the camp of United States troops under Col. Smith of 18th Illinois, near Monroe, stationed some 30 miles west of Hannibal, embracing 300 of the Iowa 3d regiment, 300 Illinois 16th, and about 100 Hannibal Home Guards, were attacked by 1,600 rebels under command of Brigadier-General Harris. Although the Federal troops were surprised, they repelled the attack and drove the rebels back, killing four and wounding several, and capturing five prisoners and seven horses. General Harris retreated to Monroe, where another skirmish occurred, in which the rebels were again repulsed. Col. Smith then took up a position and sent a message for reinforcements. In response thereto 300 mounted men were immediately sent forward. On arriving at Monroe they formed a junction with Col. Smith's force, who had entrenched themselves in the Academy buildings. The rebels, 1,200 strong, were grouped around over the prairie out of the reach of Col. Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines, Col. Smith's artillery of greater range did considerable execution. The order of battle being given, the rebels were attacked front and rear and completely routed. The Illinois cavalry under Gov. Wood fell upon them, taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed, but not a man of the Federal force, although several were severely wounded. The commander of the rebels, Gen. Harris, was forced to abandon his horses and take to the woods.

The telegraph from St. Louis on the 14th, gives us additional particulars of the battle near Carthage, Mo., reported above. It says:—Capt. Smith from Springfield, on Thursday, reached here to-night, and reports a messenger arrived there that morning with intelligence that Gen. Lyon's command would reach Springfield that day. The entire federal force, comprising commands under Gen. Sweeney, Col. Leights, Solomon, Brown, and 4,000 Home Guards, under J. S. Phelps, concentrated at Springfield. The last heard of the State forces they were in Creortio, going South. Communication with Arkansas being open, in consequence Col. Seigel has fallen back on Mt. Vernon.

Large numbers of Arkansas troops under Ben. McCullogh, were engaged against Seigel in the battle near Carthage. Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price were present, but took no active part. Gen. Raines was killed. The federal loss was ten killed and forty-three wounded, and four missing. The rebels state their loss at seven hundred killed. The guard of one hundred and twenty men left at Neosho by Seigel previous to the battle were taken prisoners by a large force of Arkansas tropps and a proposition was made to shoot them, to which McCullough would not agree. There had been no second battle. Preparations were being made for a movement.

Movements in Virginia.

PROMINENT among the transactions of the past week was the battle of Laurel Hill, where the rebels were utterly routed by the Union troops under Major General McClellan. The following dispatch was received at the head-quarters of the army in Washington:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEP'T OF OHIO, Richmond Mountain, Va., 9 A. M, July 12.

Col. E. D. Townsend:

We are in possession of all the enemy's arms, up to a point on the right of Beverly. I have taken all his guns, and a very large amount of wagons, tents, &c.,—everything he had. A large number of prisoners were taken, many of whom were mounted. They lost many killed. We have lost, in all, perhaps 20 killed and 50 wounded, of whom all but two or three were in the column under Rosenkrans, which turned the position, but the mass of the enemy escaped through the woods entirely disorganized. Among the prisoners was Dr. Taylor, formerly of the army. Col. Peyson was in command.

Col. Rosenkrans's command left camp yesterday morning and marched some eight miles through the mountains, reaching the turnpike two or three miles in rear of the enemy, defeating an advanced post and taking a couple of guns.

I had a position ready for twelve guns near the main camp, and as the guns were moving I ascertained that the enemy retreated. I am now pushing on to Beverly, a part of Col. Rosenkrantz's troops being now within three miles of it. Our success is complete and about bloodless. I doubt whether Wise and Johnson will unite and overpower me. The behavior of the troops in the action and toward the prisoners was admirable.

[Signed] R. B. MCCLELLAN, Major General Commanding.

The following paragraph comprises the details of this battle:—About three A. M., Gen. Rosenkrans, with a portion of the 8th, 10th, 13th, and 19th Ohio regiments, left this place, and after a very difficult march of seven or eight miles, cutting a road through the woods, succeeded in surrounding the enemy, upward of 2,000 in number, about three o'clock P. M. A desperate fight immediately ensued for an hour and a half, resulting in the loss of sixty to the enemy in killed, and large numbers wounded and prisoners, some of the latter being officers. They retreated precipitately, leaving behind six cannon, and a large number of horses, all their camp equipage, wagons, &c. We lost twenty killed and forty wounded, among the latter, Capt. Mather, of the 10th Indiana regiment.

Reports from Fairfax Court House indicate a gradual withdrawal of Confederate forces. A few men from that vicinity report that the pickets which have hitherto extended two miles outside of Fairfax were withdrawing on the 11th inst.

Col. Thomas Taylor of the rebel army, came into Col. Tyler's camp on the 8th inst., with a flag of truce. He was sent to head-quarters by General McDowell. Col. Taylor brought dispatches for President Lincoln. A Cabinet meeting was held at once, and consultations were had during the evening with Gen. Scott. The subject of the dispatches is of course unknown; but Col. Taylor left unsatisfied.

Among the most important information obtained from the rebels is, that there has been a severe quarrel between General Lee, Letcher, Gov. Wise, Major Magruder, and Roger A. Pryor. Jeff. Davis was called in to settle the matter, and laid Gen. Lee on the shelf. This enraged Letcher, who is still inactive and indifferent to the success of the rebels. This information tends to confirm previous dispatches that Gen. Lee had left the rebels and is now in Western Virginia. Jeff. Davis did not only snub Gen. Lee, but against the protest of Gov. Letcher. Magruder was detailed to command the rebel forces in Western Virginia—and Beauregard was assigned the command at Manassas. What was done with Pryor, the notorious liar and libeller, remains to be seen. To this date he don't turn up.

On Sunday week, while the U. S. vessels Freeborn, Resolute, Pawnee, and Pocahontas, were at Acquia Creek, two large oil tanks were discovered floating down the creek with the ebb tide. When within a quarter of a mile, a boat was sent from the Pawnee to reconnoiter them. It was discovered they were infernal machines. One struck the Resolute, became detached from its buoy and sank. The other careened over and the fuse put out by dipping in the water. The latter was hauled on board the Pawnee. It had a cylinder made of boiler iron five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, filled with all sorts of destructive elements, designed to blow the Pawnee squadron to atoms. The machines weighed about four hundred pounds. Connecting the cylinder with the cask or buoy, which was full of a coil of slow match, was an India rubber coated fuse. The machine looks devilish. The Freeborn brought it out to the Washington Navy Yard, where it attracts great attention.

The telegraph this (Monday) morning brings intelligence of a decided victory on the part of the U. S. forces under General McClellan, over 10,000 rebels, under General Garnett. The following dispatch, received at the army head-quarters from General McClellan, is explanatory of the movement:

BEVERLY, July 13.

To Col. E. D. Townsend, Washington, D. C.

"The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannon, of which one is rifled, and all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his cups. The number of tents will probably reach 200, and more than 60 wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to 150, with at least 100 prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners. Their retreat was complete. I occupied Beverly by a rapid movement. Garnett abandoned his camp early this A. M., leaving much of his equipage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid movement turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George.

General Morris is to follow him up closely. I have telegraphed for the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, at Cumberland, to join Gen. Hill, at Powlesburgh. The General is concentrating all his troops there, and will cut off Garnett's retreat near West Union, or if possible at St. George. I may say we have driven out some 10,000 troops strongly entrenched, with a loss of 11 killed and 35 wounded.

Provision returns found here show Garnett's force to have been 10,000 men. They were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseeans, and I think Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c. I trust that General Cox has by this time driven Wise out of Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia.

I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations. [Signed] G. B. MCCLELLAN. Dep't., Ohio.

Ten commissioned rebel offices were killed and captured, including Captains Skepwith and Saugel of the U. S. A.; Captains Irwin and Brunswick are dangerously wounded. Drs. Tyler and Walk, late of the U. S. A., are prisoners. Some Georgians and South Carolinians are among the dead, but they are mostly Eastern Virginians. On the morning of the 14th inst., Col. Pegran, commanding Rich Mountain, sent a letter to Gen. McClellan, offering to surrender himself and command of 600 men, and the prisoners

were marched in to-day. They are much reduced by hunger.

Another dispatch, confirming the surrender of Col. Pegran's command, has been received at headquarters:

BEVERLY, July 14.

To Col. E. D. Townsend, Washington, D. C.

I have received from Col. Pegran and his officers propositions for the surrender of his command, say 600 men. They are said to be extremely penitent—never again to take up arms against the General Government. I shall have near nine hundred or one thousand prisoners to take care of when Col. Pegran comes in. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels killed some 150. G. B. McCLELLAN.

Forty-five men of Col. Bendix's regiment started from Newport News, without leave. They were surprised a few miles from the camp by a large force of foot and horse of the Confederates. One is known to have been killed and some wounded. Twelve of them fell into the hands of the rebels. On the return of those who escaped, seven companies were sent out, but have not been heard from. Gen. Butler went to Newport News to inquire into the matter. Colonel Bendix was yesterday at Old Point, attending the court martial of Col. Allen, which presses slowly.

In addition to the two battles reported above, a portion of Gen. McClellan's command, under Gen. Morris, attacked the rebels on Sunday and again administered severe punishment. The details are as follows:

Gen. Morris' column commenced the pursuit in the afternoon. After a terrible forced march through rain and mud over Laurel Mountain, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrick's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, Tucker county. The rebels drew up in line of battle and poured in a raking volley on the right of our column. The Ohio 14th Regiment returned a hot fire, lasting twenty minutes. Col. Dumont's Indiana 7th Regiment then made a charge upon their battery. The enemy broke and ran, crossing the ford to St. George. Gen. Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball passing through his spine and coming out at the right breast. He fell dead on the road. Col. Dumont continued the chase two miles. The rest bivouacked on the ground. We captured forty loaded wagons, one rifled cannon, and two stand of colors. We killed and wounded many, and took more provisions than we can take care of. The flight was turned into a disastrous rout. Our loss was two killed and two mortally wounded. The rebels lost all their tents, camp equipage, horses, army chests, clothing, 100 muskets, knapsacks, and large quantities of ammunition. They retreated up the Horseshoe, but it is hoped Gen. Hill will meet and still further rout them near West Union.

Gen. Garnett's remains are at Grafton. They will be embalmed and placed at his friends' disposal.

The following official dispatch has been received at the War Department:

HUTTONSVILLE, Va., July 15.

Col. E. D. Townsend, Ass't Adj. General:

General Garnett and his forces have been again routed, and his baggage and one gun taken. His army is completely demoralized.

Gen. Garnett was killed while attempting to rally his forces at Carricks Ford, near St. George. We have completely annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia. Our total losses were 13 killed, and not more than 40 wounded, while the enemy's loss is not far from 200 killed, and the number of prisoners we have taken will amount to at least 1,000. We have captured seven guns in all. A portion of Garnett's forces retreated, but I look for their capture by Gen. Hill who is in hot pursuit. The troops that Garnett had under his command are said to be the crack regiment of Eastern Kentucky, and Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseeans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and I firmly believe that secession is killed in this section of country.

[Signed] G. B. McCLELLAN, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

The telegraph informs us that a flag of truce came into the camp of Gen. Patterson, at Martinsburg, on the 10th inst., from Gen. Johnston, bearing a request from the rebels for an armistice of ten days, in which to make up their minds whether to fight or retreat. Gen. Patterson replied, no, not a day. The enemy has since retreated 15 miles toward Richmond. A great battle may be looked for, therefore, at any time.

The Federal Army.

THE Washington correspondent of the World gives the following figures, showing the number of Federal troops at different points:

In Washington and vicinity	72,000
Under McLellan, Patterson, Cadwalader, Banks, and Stone	48,000
Under Gen. Butler	18,000
Total	138,000

FORCES ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

VANGUARD—(Withing two miles of Gen. Tyler's quarters at Falls Church:)	
First, Second, and Third Connecticut; First and Second Ohio; Second and Third Maine	6,240
RIGHT—(Reaching from Col. Hunter's quarters at Fort Corcoran, half way to Falls Church:)	
Twenty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Fifth and Second N. Y. Vol.; Second Wisconsin, Garribaldi Guard; Sherman's battery, etc.	6,565
CENTER—(Long Bridge to Gen. McDowell's quarters at Arlington, and right and left of main road at Fairfax:)	
Fourteenth, Eighth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fifth New York; First, Second, Third, and Fourth New Jersey S. M.; Third regular infantry; Griffin's battery; Brackett's cavalry	7,841
LEFT—(In and about Alexandria, Col. Heintzelman's department:)	
Fifth Massachusetts; Fourth and Fifth Pennsylvania; Fire Zouaves; German Rifles; First Michigan; First Minnesota	6,631
Total in Fairfax county, Va., July 6	27,277

The Publisher to the Public.

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of our new volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

The News Condenser.

— Virginia was settled in 1607, and unsettled in 1861.

— Street railways will shortly be introduced in Copenhagen.

— The Connecticut Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 3d.

— There was an immense conflagration in Boston, on the 4th.

— The postal system of the Confederacy does not work well.

— A Mrs. Cleveland recently died in Skaneateles, N. Y., aged 104.

— On the first of the year, there were 107,572 miners in Australia.

— A Miss Giles read the Declaration on the 4th at Lewiston, Maine.

— At least twenty thousand guns were brought by the Hammonia.

— Mr. Bentley, the celebrated London publisher, has failed for $133,000.

— The steamer Northern Light brought $811,000 in California treasure.

— One of the shells fired by the rebels at Great Bethel was filled with rice!

— Mr. Wm. B. West, of Wisconsin, has been appointed Consul to Galway.

— It is believed that the duration of the Extra Session will not exceed two weeks.

— The Queen of Spain is the last of the Bourbon family that sits upon a throne.

— The steamship Great Eastern has again arrived out, this time landing at Quebec.

— The value of the contraband negroes held by the Federal troops is over $1,000,000.

— It is stated that a recruiting office for the rebel army has been opened in Louisville.

— The proposals for the Massachusetts loan of one million dollars are quite gratifying.

— Ira Gould & Son, of Montreal, offer to take, at par, $1,000,000 of the U. S. loan.

— One express company took five tuns of strawberries into New York on Tuesday week.

— A medal worth $100 has been presented to Col. Anderson, by citizens of New York.

— A large fire occurred at East Albany, on the 5th, destroying $600,000 worth of property.

— A rumor was in circulation last week that the rebels had raised the seige at Fort Pickens.

— A large fire occurred in Milwaukee, on the 4th, destroying $100,000 worth of property.

— Forty prizes have been taken in Hampton Roads since the blockade, valued at $1,000,000.

— The Missouri State Convention has been notified to convene at Jefferson City on the 22d inst.

— In Ireland, agriculturists seem to be in excellent hopes at the aspect of the crops and pasture.

— A very large portion of the troops belonging to the federal forces in Missouri are Germans.

— At the Pittsburgh arsenal, 60,000 Minie rifle bullets and 70,000 cartridges are made every 24 hours.

— Major Gen. Fremont takes command of the Western Department, with headquarters at St. Louis.

— It is stated that the Czar of Russia will visit the Emperor of France this season, at Chalon's Camp.

— A royal decree admits cotton at much lower duties into Spain, from September next to January 1862.

— Attorney General Bates maintains the right of the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*.

— Miss Anna H. Johnston, of Macedon, N. Y., recently fell dead while arranging her hair before a glass.

— Three thousand muskets were made in Springfield, Mass., in June. Thirty-five hundred will be finished in July.

— A Mr. Sims and his wife were burned to death at Scranton, Pa., on the 3d, by the explosion of a Kerosene lamp.

— There are now 500 females employed by the Government, in Cincinnati, in the manufacture of tents for the army.

— Lindsay, C. W., was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. More than one hundred houses were consumed.

— The Cincinnati Gazette is credibly informed that 15,000 pistols have been sold in that city within the past five weeks.

— Over 1,150 hymns have been forwarded to the committee at New York to compete for the proposed national prize of $500.

— The Boston Traveler learns from a Southern gentleman that Jeff. Davis is investing all his means in the English funds.

— The Secretary of the Treasury estimates a revenue of nearly $33,000,000 from the increased duties on tea and coffee.

— A French schoolmaster has recently been punished with two months' imprisonment, for striking a child in his school.

— The Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser mentions a trout received in that city which weighed thirty-four pounds when dressed.

— The Trustees of Columbia College, at the recent commencement, conferred the degree of LL. D. on President Lincoln.

— The Postmaster-General has issued orders establishing daily mail communication between Washington and Martinsburg.

— Last week a man named Levi, said to be worth some $200,000, was arrested in Cleveland as the chief of a gang of burglars.

— Mr. Etheridge will not allow a man in his employ who visits gambling saloons, or who keeps liquor about his room in the Capitol.

— It is stated in the Daily News that the number of masons now out on strike in London is greater than during the lock-out of 1859-60.

— Independently of the 40 engines destroyed at Martinsburg, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Co. have got 160 in working order.

— Speaker Grow is described as a slender man, of swarthy complexion, with jet black whiskers, and a thrifty moustache of the same hue.

— The dog pound in New York is in full blast, and the "day" of 200 dogs is daily brought to an abrupt termination at this institution.

— The N. Y. Common Council have appropriated $250,000 for families of volunteers, in addition to $163,000 appropriated by the Supervisors.

— The Virginia Convention passed an act paying cadets of the Military Institute $20 a month, as drill masters at the camp of instruction.

— Mr. Van Wyak's bill for the reduction of salaries, if passed by the two Houses, will make a saving of from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000.

— Prince Louis, of Cassel, who is about to marry the Princess Alice, of England, is of diminutive size and a very ordinary looking man.

— No less than 8,000 men are at work on the ditch across Suez. It is to be large enough to take ships to the Red Sea from the Mediterranean.

— There has been a serious insurrection at Panola, Miss., which required a military force to suppress it. A large number of slaves were arrested.

— Shad fishing in the Connecticut terminated legally on the 1st inst. The fishermen have had unusually good luck in quantity, but not in price.

— The British Governor at Otago, New Zealand, has been deprived of office and lodged in prison for stealing the public money. His name is McAndrew.

— A tornado visited Northern Illinois and Wisconsin on the 8th inst., uprooting trees, unroofing houses, and doing other damage. No lives were lost.

— Mobile papers are urging the confiscation of all property in that city owned by Northern citizens. A large portion of the city is owned by Northern people.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, July 17, 1861.

Flour is without change in rates.

Grain—Wheat remains at last quotations. Corn is in a little better demand, and our range is 2 cents per bushel higher. Oats are still drooping, and vary from 22@23 cts.

Provisions—Pork is falling off, the reduction for the week equalling 50 cents on mess, and 50 cents to $1.00 per barrel on clear. Beef is declining, $4.00@5.50 being the extremes. Lambs have lost 25 cents per head. Mutton is worth only 5@5½ cents per pound.

Dairy, &c.—Butter is still on the decline. Cheese ditto.

Hides and Skins—There is a general reduction in this department which those interested will observe.

Wool moves off slowly, those who can hold to the clip are doing so, and as a consequence, but small parcels are offered in market.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do.	4.50@5.00	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90@90c	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1.10@1.25	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Canada	1.28@1.30	Apples, dried ℔ lb.	2@2½c
Corn, old	38@40c	Peaches, do.	12@12c
Corn, new	38@40c	Cherries, do.	12@13c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	50@50c	Plums, do.	00@8c
Oats, by weight	22@25c	Potatoes	25@30c
Barley	50@50c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	3@3½c
Beans	1.00@1.25	Calf	6@6c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	10@12c
Pork, Mess	$16.00@16.50	Lamb Pelts	18@31c
Pork, clear	18.00@19.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.50	Timothy	2.50@3.00
Spring lambs, each	1.50@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@5c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@9c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.75@6.00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.75@6.00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.75@6.00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.40@1.45
Butter, roll	9@10c	Hay, tun	8.00@11.00
Butter, firkin	8@10c	Straw, tun	0.00@0.00
Cheese	4@6c	Wool, ℔ lb	18@28c
Lard, tried	9½@9¾c	Whitefish, half bbl.	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	5@5½c	Codfish, quintal	3.50@4.00
Tallow, tried	7½@8c	Trout, half bbl.	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 15.—FLOUR—Market heavy and less active, and prices 5c lower, and is only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $3,70@3,85 for superfine State; $3,95@4,05 for extra do; $3,60@3,70 for superfine Western; $3,90@4,20 for common to medium extra do; $4,55@4,70 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $4,80@6,00 for trade brands do,—market closing dull. Canadian flour in limited request, and common grades a trifle lower.—Sales at $3,40@3,45 for superfine, and $3,95@7,00 for common to choice extra. Rye flour quiet, with small sales at $2,50@3,75. Corn meal in moderate request; sales at $2,75 for Jersey, and $3,00 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market less active and scarcely so firm, but prices are without material change, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sound spring is scarce and brings about previous prices. Sales Chicago spring at 69@83c; Northwestern club at 85@90c, the latter price for very handsome; Milwaukee club at 78@9.c; amber Iowa at 92½@93c for choice; Racine spring at 90@91½c; inferior Canada club at 68c; winter red Western at $1,07@1,09; amber Jersey at $1,15; very choice amber Delaware at $1,20@1,23, and red Michigan at $1,10. Rye steady and in moderate demand, with sales Western at 46c, and State held at 68c. Barley continues dull and heavy, with sales at 52@58c. Barley malt remains nominally unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn market may be quoted a trifle lower and less active, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 38@42c for inferior to common new mixed Western; 43@45c for good to prime do, and 82½c for round yellow. Oats are selling at 25@29c. for Western and Canadian, and 29@30c. for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and a shade easier; sales at $15,75@16,00 for mess; $10,00@10,25 for prime. Beef continues quiet; sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess; $8@10,50 for re-packed mess; and $10,50@11,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18. Beef hams quiet; sales at $14,00 for Western, and $12,60 for State. Cut meats are quiet, with sales at 4¾@5¼c for Shoulders, and 5¾@6¾c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 9½@10½c for Hams; 7@8c for Shoulders, and 9¼c for sides. Bacon quiet and prices nominally unchanged. Lard firm, and prices without change; sales at 8@9c for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter is selling at 6@12c for Ohio, and 8@15c for State. Cheese steady, and selling at 2@7c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Steady and quiet at $5,50 for Pots; $5,68 for Pearls.

ALBANY, JULY 15.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Our market for Flour opened tame, and the business of the morning has been confined to supplying the wants of the local trade at about previous prices. We quote:

Common to good State	$3,60@3,80
Fancy and extra State	4,00@4,50
Common to good Western	4,00@4,50
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	4,75@6,75
Extra Ohio	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian	4,00@4,50
Extra Canadian	4,75@6,75
Fancy Genesee	6,00@6,50
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,00

Corn meal in moderate request at 94c@1,06 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The supply of wheat is good and holders are anxious to realize even at lower prices; sales winter red State, at $1,02, and white Michigan at $1,25. For corn the market rules in favor of the buyer, with a fair supply and a moderate demand.—Sales Western mixed at 41½@42c, mostly at the inside price. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats in moderate request at unchanged prices, with a good supply offering; sales Western at 28c.

FEED—A quiet, but steady market; sales 20 tuns 29 lb feed at 50c.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, JULY 16.—FLOUR—Prices are steady, with a good local demand. Sales at $3,00@3,50 for Wisconsin extra; choice do. $3,50@4,00; Iowa and Illinois extra at $4,00@4,75; Ohio and Indiana extras at $4,75@5,00; double extra do. at $5,25@5,75.

GRAIN—Wheat steady and holders firm. Sales Chicago spring at 65c; No. 1 Chicago spring at 73c; Kenosha at 78c; red winter at 91c, and Milwaukee club at 72c. Corn, sales at 32@32½c.—Oats, quiet but stiff. Last sale at 21c. Peas, last sale at 48@50c. Barley, sales at 42c. Other grains dull and nominal.

PROVISIONS—Market dull, with but little doing. Mess pork at $14,50. Hams at 8½c. Shoulders at 6½c. Lard at 8@8½c.—Cheese at 6@9c for old, and 4@6c for new.

TORONTO, JULY 14.—FLOUR—Flour is almost unquotable. There have been no transactions here within the last two weeks on which to base quotations, and it is impossible to say what could be had for even a desirable lot of fresh ground.

GRAIN—Fall wheat, from farmers, the deliveries have been small, rarely amounting to over 250 bushels per day,—for which they are loath to accept the low rates prevalent. But not content to accept $1.25@1.30, little sympathy can be given to those who have now to take $1@1.05. These latter have been the ruling figures for the week, and the bulk of the offerings have been got at an average of $1.03 ℔ bushel. There is not much of a disposition to purchase, and except to fill stray orders from the Eastern States, the number of which is limited, and even those received are for small amounts, there is no activity in the demand. There have been no transactions whatever at wholesale. Spring wheat is offered sparingly, but to effect sales farmers have to agree to a considerable reduction. For the ordinary samples it is impossible to get over 75c per bushel.—Barley—there is little or nothing offering, and quotations are purely nominal at 30c per bushel—just half the price at which the great bulk of the crop was sold last fall. Peas continue in good request, and are less affected than other grains. We quote the best lots 44@47c ℔ bushel. Oats are in fair local request at 26@27c ℔ bushel. The quantity offering is small.—*Globe.*

Movements of Produce.—The New York Journal of Commerce has published a interesting and valuable semi-annual statement of the movements of certain articles of domestic produce at the port of New York. The receipts at that port since Jan. 1st, show an increase of forty ℔ cent. in wheat, sixty ℔ cent. in rye, barley and whisky, thirty ℔ cent. in corn, and nearly one hundred ℔ cent. in lard. These are the most important changes in the list. There has been a falling off in the receipts of ashes, corn meal, oats, cotton and naval stores. As a whole, the receipts of meat provisions are larger, although there has been a decline in beef.

The greatest change in the movements of produce has been connected with the exports, which show a very large aggregate increase. The shipments of flour to foreign ports since the 1st of January, are more than double the corresponding total of last year; the shipments of wheat have been more than six times as large, the total averaging one million three hundred thousand bushels per month; the shipments of corn have trebled; the shipments of cut meats have also trebled the corresponding total of last year, and are nearly ten times the total for the first six months of 1859. The shipments of sperm oil, butter, cheese, lard and tallow have nearly or quite doubled upon the very large totals for the same period of last year, an increase which was totally unexpected. There has been a falling off in the shipments of ashes, coal, hay, naval stores, pork, beef and rice. The most important decline is in the shipments of tierce beef, which have decreased fifty ℔ cent.

The imports of foreign produce have fallen off in most particulars, but there has been a large increase in coffee during the last three months.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 10.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$7.75@8.25
Ordinary quality	7.25@7.75
Common quality	6.75@7.25
Inferior quality	6.00@6.75
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50.00@60.00
Ordinary quality	48.00@50.00
Common quality	31.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5 c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.50@5.00
Ordinary quality	3.50@4.00
Common quality	3.25@3.50
Inferior quality	2.50@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb	3½@3¾c
Other qualities	2¾@2½c

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 10.—At market 287 Cattle, 263 Beeves, and 23 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.50; first quality, $6.00; second do, $5.25@0.00; third do, $4.25.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$35@50.

STORES—Yearlings, none; Two years old, none; Three years old, none.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,145 at market. Prices in lots at $1.50@1.75@2 each; extra and selections $2.25@3.50, or 3@4c ℔ lb. Spring Lambs $1.50@3.50.

HIDES—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 6@6c.

PELTS—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4.

BRIGHTON, JULY 11.—At market 900 Beeves, 85 Stores, 1,100 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,600 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.75; first quality, $6.50; second do, $6.00; third do, $5.50.

MILCH COWS—$40@47; common, $18@19.

WORKING OXEN—$80, $90@100.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—None; two years old, $16@17; three years old, $18@19 each.

HIDES—4½@5½c. Tallow, 6c.

CALF SKINS—8@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1.50; extra and selections, $2, $4, @4.75.

PELTS—25c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4@6c; retail, 5@7c; fat hogs, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, wholesale, 8c; retail, 10@10c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 13.—We have nothing to report this week altering in any shape our remarks of last week. The market is yet without any animation, and so must continue till there is a general revival in business, or till more Wool for army goods is wanted. There has been very little Wool sold recently for these goods, as the mills have had large supplies and are not at this time in the market. In the event of a long war, there will probably be large additional orders for goods, when a demand must spring up again for the raw material. The few transactions made this week have been with the trade chiefly, the particulars of which have not transpired. A quantity of old fleece wool has changed hands from one dealer to another, on terms not transpired—but supposed to be at a considerable decline from cost. Reports from the country are in small lots at about 20@30c. Farmers generally decline selling. In Foreign Wools we only hear of a sale of 20 bales washed Smyrna at 26c, 6 mos.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb	38@40
American full-blood Merino	36@37
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	28@30
Native and one-fourth Merino	22@25
Extra, Pulled	35@37
Superfine, Pulled	31@34
No. 1, Pulled	22@24
Lamb's, Pulled	26@27
California, fine, unwashed	24@26
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do. do. Mestiza, do.	16@23
Do. do. common, washed	10@13
Do. do. Entre Rios, do.	13@18
Do. do. Entre Rios, unwashed	9@10
Do. do. Cordova, washed	20½@22
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	22@28
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	16@28
Do. unwashed	9@18
Smyrna, do.	11@14
Do. washed	20@26
Mexican, unwashed	10@12

BOSTON, July 10.—The demand for fleece and pulled Wool has been moderate during the week, but prices remain without change. The sales have been 100,000 lbs. Fleece mostly at 30@35c ℔ lb. In foreign the sales have been 350 bales East India, Mediterranean and South American at pices we did not learn.

Saxony Fleece	38@40	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	36@38	Do. No. 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	34@36	Texas	9@40
Half do	32@34	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	28@30	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	38@43	Crimea	7@17
Do. Superfine	30@39	Canada	29@33

CINCINNATI, JULY 10.—The market continues very dull, and the regular dealers doing hardly anything. Small sales are making of lots on arrival, at 20@25c, and in some cases a choice clip would bring 28c. Store keepers throughout the interior are paying 20 to 30c in trade. The clip, we understand, is an average good one, and the quality fair. There seems to be an utter lack of confidence on the part of manufacturers and the regular wool dealers, and they display no desire to buy even at the low rates current, whilst on the other hand farmers are not willing to sell at these rates, and are not, except when compelled by their necessities.—*Gazette.*

CHICAGO, JULY 10.—The receipts are light and transactions small. A few sales of good medium to good fine are reported at 20@25c. We quote the range at 16@25c for common to extra fine, these being the inside and outside figures.—*Democrat.*

ROMEO, (Mich.) JULY 6.—The *Argus* reports sales in Romeo for one week at 24,000 lbs. The average weight per fleece is about the same as last year. Some of the best lots have been purchased, and the highest price paid as yet is but 30c ℔ lb.

TORONTO, JULY 14.—Wool is very dull, and, as we intimated last week, prices have settled to 20c ℔ lb.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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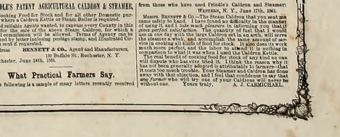
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Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and Illustrated Circulars sent if requested.
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Rochester, June 24th, 1861.

What Practical Farmers Say.

THE following is a sample of many letters recently received from those who have used Prindle's Caldron and Steamer:

WESTERN, N. Y., June 17th, 1861.

MESSRS. BENNETT & CO.—The Steam Caldron that you sent me came safely to hand. I have found no difficulty in the manner of using it, and I *take much pleasure* in informing you that it *gives perfect satisfaction.* The quantity of fuel that I would use in one day with the large Caldron set in an arch, will serve the steamer a week, and accomplish the same amount of service in cooking all kinds of food for stock. It also does its work much more perfect, and the labor to attend it is nothing in comparison to what it was when I used the Caldron Kettle.

The real benefit of cooking food for stock of any kind no one will dispute who has ever tried it. I think the reason why it has not been generally adopted is attributable to farmers—that it costs too much trouble. Your Steamer and Caldron has done away with that objection, and I feel that confidence to say that *any farmer* who will try one of your Caldrons will never be without one. Yours truly, A. J. CARMICHAEL.

RAIN.

When, breathing balm o'er flock and fold,
Low winds bring sweetness from the South,
When still the winter-touched and old
October biteth in the mouth—
I stand beside my cottage door,
And see above me and before,
Across the skies and o'er the plain,
The shadows of the rain.

I watch them blown from hill to hill,
O'er lonely stream and windy downs,
From thrope to thrope, from vill to vill,
And over solitary towns;
Like stragglers from the skirts of night,
Slow squadroned by a wind of light,
Torn down to music as they roll,
Sobbing as with a soul.

Across the skies and o'er the plain,
Below the silence of the spheres,
The hidden Angel of the Rain
Is sighing with a sense of tears;
And listening to her voice it seems
Some fancy muffled up in dreams,
Some shapeless thought our visions keep,
Moaning through shades of sleep.

I hear the voice, and cannot doubt
The wisdom of the thought I win—
That all the changeful world without
Must type the changeful world within;
Nor may the poet fail to gain
One hint of kindred with the rain,
Type of a life whose hopes and fears
Are rainbowed out from tears.

For, standing now between the shower
And sun, I glory to behold
The rainbow leave her cloudy bower,
Transfigured in a mist of gold;
Her trembling train of clouds retreat,
The Earth yearns up to kiss her feet—
She wears the many hued and gay
Robe of the unborn May.

The Story-Teller.

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine for July.]

THROWN TOGETHER.

[Continued from page 228, last No.]

Ten minutes of suicidal wretchedness elapsed, and Buckle heard the Purser's voice saying, close behind him,

"There! that's the fellow!"

"Hello you, Sir!" said the Captain—his fresh, jolly face knit into the highest expression of ferocity which *such* a fresh, jolly face could wear—"are you the man that's trying to steal a passage to Savannah?"

"No, Sir! I haven't been trying to do any such thing!" exclaimed Buckle, in spite of his native mildness now quite brought to bay. "The passage has been *forced* upon me, Sir! So far am I from wishing to steal it, that if I were ashore I'd pay twice its value to have it taken off my hands. I'm a gentleman, Sir! And it strikes me that if the Purser had habitually associated with that class, he'd have recognized it in *me* when I told him I'd got left—*hadn't* got left, I would say!"

The Purser patted the deck with his foot and looked at the Captain—the Captain likewise at the Purser. Then they retired together to the extreme bow and consulted in whisper; while, like an ancient Christian martyr, Mr. Buckle looked to Heaven and awaited their sentence, leaning against the foremast.

"I don't know exactly what to make of the man," said the Captain.

"It's my opinion," said the Purser, influenced, unconscious to his own sense of justice, by the recent insinuations of Mr. Buckle, "that he's a swindler."

"But there's something about him which doesn't look just like a swindler."

"Swindlers generally wear those savage-looking whiskers."

"Yes, but then they don't put on spectacles.—Whiskers and spectacles belong to different lines of the business. The whiskers are always rich English noblemen going South on a shooting tour, and having their funds sent by mistake to Savannah. The spectacles are young clergymen on their way to Augustine, with something bad the matter with their throats, under a misunderstanding that such cases are always passed free. *They* always finish up the effect with a white choker. You see *he* mixes the whiskers and the spectacles. A swindler would pay more regard to probabilities, seems to me."

"Very well. We can let him stay in the steerage, if you say so. But suppose we try him with a few questions first?"

"All right. Go ahead!"

They returned, and Mr. Purser commenced the examination:

"I suppose you haven't any objection to mention your name?"

"*No*, Sir, I have not—especially where it's known. Mr. Festus Buckle."

"Buckle's not a bad name," said the Captain, encouragingly. "Drive on, Mr. Purser."

"And your residence?"

"No. — Twenty-third Street, New York."

"Very nice street, too," again interposed the Captain, parenthetically.

"You say you came down for a friend,—Dr. Piper—and got caught. What did Dr. Piper send you to do?"

"To bring a letter of importance, which came at the last moment, to a person on board."

"And is that person on board still?"

"She is a passenger in No. 14."

"No. 14, No. 14!" said the Captain, hastily. "Who is *that?* Look over your list, Mr. Purser."

Mr. Purser obeyed, and on inspection replied, "Mrs. Belle Godfrey."

"*Mrs. Belle Godfrey!* Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Captain. "Why, I know her as well as I do myself! She's gone South with me every winter since I've been in the line! Why, Mr. Buckle, I beg your pardon! Why didn't you tell us of this before? I'll go and see her directly!"

"Oh, *don't! really* don't! Don't say anything to her about it! I shall die of mortification; you see, I'm not at all acquainted with her, and only had any thing to do with her to oblige Piper."

"There!" said the Purser. "You hear *that?* He don't know her—only to oblige Piper—and all that sort of thing. I believe he is a swindler, after all! Well, Mr. Buckle, we shall soon find out; and if you *are, we'll* have to borrow your watch to pay for the passage *you've* borrowed."

The two officers then left Mr. Buckle to keep a look-out for Sandy Hook Light, while they repaired to the cabin.

In five minutes they returned, and Mrs. Belle Godfrey had persisted in clambering up to the forecastle deck with them, laughing at the idea that any place where her lively little feet could carry her was not good enough for ladies.

"Oh, you poor, dear man!" she cried, taking the stupefied Buckle naively by the hand. "I'm *so* glad to find you! I was afraid you'd jumped overboard—I really was! Why in the world didn't you come and tell me what a pickle you were in? Of course nobody could expect you to go on an errand to the pier all prepared to make a voyage to Savannah! Just think if I'd got on to one of the Collins steamers by mistake instead of this. Why, *I* shouldn't be ready to make the trip to England, should I? It's all my fault from beginning to end, and I only beg you to forget all about it. Let's take a walk on deck till tea, and then we'll go down into the cabin again. Nobody else besides us knows any thing about this."

This frank statement of the bearings of such a terribly practical matter was something utterly unlooked-for by Mr. Buckle, in a *woman*. He had no idea that *they* ever thought of such matter-of-fact things as money; he supposed, if he ever reflected about them at all, that somebody always paid their passage for them. That they ate like himself, he had occasionally noticed—that they also slept, was a truth which he held upon tradition, though in a rose-colored, angelic sort of a way, which never mussed their hair; but these points of resemblance to male beings he had considered anomalies, and as to their *thinking* or *talking* like men in any respect, why, impossible! So that whenever circumstances over which he had no control, had fatally forced him to address them, it was only upon the most trivial subjects, and in a style as nearly like Maud as prose could be. This I suggest as one of the pobable reasons why he avoided them, because he did not succeed in that absolutely necessary kind of talk.

So now, when this cool wave of the widow's common sense dashed over his fevered brow, by mere astonishment it woke him from his previous bad dream, and he answered:

"I'm really very much obliged to you, Ma'am. Will you also have the kindness, if you can do it conscientiously, to certify to these gentlemen that I am Mr. Festus Buckle of No. — Twenty-third Street, of competent and respectable family, Attorney and Counselor, No. — Wall Street, and that all these facts, in form and substance, as averred, are true of your own knowledge and belief, so help you—"

"Oho!" burst in the Captain. "No need of an affidavit, I can assure you, Mr. Buckle."

"And furthermore, that I am to be relied on as paying for my passage upon my earliest communication with my friends."

"Never mind that, Mr. Buckle," interposed the Purser. "It's settled. Mrs. Godfrey wouldn't permit us to return till we had assigned the debt to her. *She's* your creditor now."

"You—don't—mean—to say!"

"That I have paid your passage?" laughed the little widow. "Is it such a very frightful liberty to take? Forgive me then, and, perhaps, I'll never do it again, unless Beppo gets loose, ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Then allow me to remark," said Mr. Buckle, in the fullness of his magnanimity lavishing upon her the attitude, expression, and peroration which he had been years keeping for that jury he expected to have some day—"allow me to remark that I consider it as doing honor to the noblest sentiments of the human heart! Also, that I will return you the exact sum for value received at the earliest possible opportunity."

"I'll stand surety for him!" said the Captain. "He shan't go off the ship till we get to Savannah. If he tumbles over we'll catch him. Fare fifteen dollars and *found*, you know! See large bills."

"And to make assurance doubly sure, as well as to get forgiveness for my rough usage, (Pursers must be Pursers, you know, Mr. Buckle!) I'll confine him in the upper berth in my room every night till we get to Savannah. It's the only vacant one in the ship; so I'm a pretty good jailor!"

"And I'll keep my eye on him!" said the widow, bewitchingly.

"Now, that's the cruelest punishment of all!" said the Captain. What with so much bantering, and the fact that the widow had just taken his arm to lead him away for the proposed promenade, Mr. Buckle felt himself blushing to a degree unprecedented since a bad dream he had years ago, when he thought he was at a tea party where the company was all ladies but himself.

CHAPTER II.

When the tea-gong did sound, the twin lights of Neversink Highlands were close behind the stern.

"There's tea," chirped Mrs. Godfrey. "Now, Mr. Buckle, like a good child, say 'My Native Land, good night!' and let's go down and find out whether we're hungry. The next time you see your native land you'll have to say 'Howdy'—that's the Savannese for 'how d'ye do?' If I'm sick, will you take care of me?"

"I'll try to," replied Buckle. Give him credit for the heroism of the answer! If there were no one else to do it on board, he would have taken care of the steam engine, with similar feelings of graceful adaptedness, and about the same amount of knowledge of the subject. "Do you feel sick *now?*" he continued, apprehensively.

"No, not yet; but I shall be. I always am just about the time those lights get out of sight. I've made three voyages to Savannah and back. We're beginning to roll a little now. Are you ever sick, Mr. Buckle?"

"Fruit sometimes disagrees with me, Ma'am. But I don't think I was ever quite so far out at sea before; and I'm not sure about anything else."

"Well, don't let's think about it. I hope you won't be. Let's go down to supper now, and banish disagreeable subjects."

People never think of banishing disagreeable subjects, you may have noticed, till those subjects are very pressing in their calls on attention. So it will not surprise you and me as much as it did Mr. Buckle, to know that Mrs. Godfrey had scarcely sent out for a piece of hot steak, stirred the sugar in her coffee, and with a forced smile accepted the butter from Mr. Buckle, who sat next her, when, as in the case of Miss Muffett, who sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey,

There came a great wave
Without asking her *leave*
And scared Mrs. Godfrey away.

"Ah!" said an unfeeling passenger, who set up (I need not say without any substantial foundation,) to be the wit of the vessel, "There is a lady who has no fondness for *rolls* with her coffee."

Mr. Buckle glared on the insensate wretch through his spectacles.

"I beg your pardon," said the passenger, instantly, "I did not know the lady was your wife, sir."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Buckle, once more blushing to his boots, and rose precipitately, under pretense of following Mrs. Godfrey—a duty to which his attention was thus providentially assisted. Simultaneously with him rose another roll, also three more lady passengers, though not from *unselfish* sympathy for Mrs. Godfrey.

Mr. Buckle found the little widow leaning against her berth, the roses fled from her cheeks and replaced by the pallor of deep, unnamable distress. She had not felt strength enough even to shut the state room door, which was the only reason why Mr. Buckle saw her.

"Don't you think you'd like an omelet, or a plate of hot buttered toast?" asked Mr. Buckle, considerately.

"Oh, ugh! Go away!" exclaimed the widow, in a ghostly tone; and for reasons best known to herself, found strength to close the door. Mr. Buckle stood aghast. Was that the woman who had abashed him with her *smiles*, so short a time before? He was getting on fast in his Natural History of the animal's habits!

"Look-a-here!" said the Captain, rising and bending to his ear, "You just leave her alone for a few minutes, and then come back and carry her on deck. That's the best thing for her."

"Do you always have to *carry* them?" asked Mr. Buckle, in a confidential but excited tone.

The Captain was compelled to smile audibly. "When *they* can't walk," said he. "I hope that isn't this lady's case; but if it is, nerve yourself up to it; you might have a worse load! At any rate, take her on deck in five minutes, and keep her there as long as you can."

Mr. Buckle obeyed, and occupied the five minutes with the consideration what he should do with her when he got her there, also in the hasty achievement of his supper. At the expiration of the time, he knocked at the door of 14, and was answered by a gentle voice, "Come in."

"The Captain says I must take you on deck, Mrs. Godfrey."

"The *Captain* says! Well, I don't see that you are compelled to mind *him* if you don't wish to," spoke the voice again, in a slight tone of pique, like a petulant sick child.

Mr. Buckle had not thought of his words as being liable to this construction, and was much taken aback.

"Oh, no!" said he, putting his shoulders as well as his head inside No. 14, "I didn't mean *that!* I beg you won't think so. I only intended to say—well, that I'd like to do it myself. That is, of course, if you haven't the least objection."

"Well, sir, if you really would like to, I'll oblige you."

"But don't put yourself out, you know."

"Oh, not in the least! I'll be ready in a moment, Mr. Buckle."

After a little bustling about in the state-room, Mrs. Belle Godfrey appeared, looking a little paler, to be sure, than when they started, and exhibiting some slight tremulousness in her gait—but still, a very pretty statue of plumpness in marble.

This time, to his great surprise, not to speak of hers, Mr. Buckle offered the lady an arm of his own accord. The floor was by this time churning up and down with that charming regularity and ease which will some day, I hope, suggest to one of our brilliant inventors the idea of filling a steamers's hold with milk, and trusting to Providence to have it arrive at the Savannah market good fresh butter. This pleasant little motion made it necessary for Mrs. Godfrey to lean closer to Mr. Buckle's manly side than is regular in the less staggering walks of good society, and gave him an opportunity to discover other facts in the Natural History of the animal.

"How much softer and rounder their arms are than ours!" thought Mr. Buckle. "I really am not sure but the sensation is pleasant."

When they reached the top of the companion way, Mr. Buckle helped Mrs. Godfrey to a seat on the leeward quarter of the stern-deck, where the pilot-house sheltered her from a rather stiff nor'wester which was blowing.

"Please to arrange this rigolette, it's rather too much over my eyes; and my arms are pinned fast under my shawl," said Mrs. Godfrey, as she settled herself upon the bench.

Without any remarks upon the singularity of this inextricable entanglement, which had happened during the short time since she abandoned his arm, Mr. Buckle did with his arms the work of hers, and arranged the troublesome piece of raiment in such a skillful and experienced manner as to suggest that he must have acquired it about the same time that he was learning to fly. He then procured a stool for himself and occupied it, about four feet from the widow.

"Now, thanks to your kindness, I am very comfortable," said the widow, in a sweet, rich voice, which would have meant a hundred compliments to you or me more than it did to Buckle.

"Oh, don't mention it! It is only my disposition. I like to oblige," said Mr. Buckle, trusting his conversational pinions the first time for a flight in that dangerous region, his own personality.

"I think your tendency *is* merciful. I have reason to know it particularly."

"Indeed? Piper, I suppose. He is always saying something good about me." From the mild, half-reproachful tone of Mr. Buckle, one would have thought he meant something *bad*. And he *did*, for Piper never *would* stop praising him to ladies, who straightway wanted to know him—which was disagreeable in Piper, very.

"No. From actual observation. For instance, that offer of hot buttered toast when I seemed to be riding head downward in a balloon. It was well meant, though I was provoked at the time—excuse me. And it—it—well, it resulted *beneficially*."

"Did it indeed? I'm charmed. Shall I go after some now?"

"Ha-ha-ha! I am all the time right on the point of saying, 'You *dear* creature!' If I do, sometime, call it sea-sickness. I don't mean the *toast*, you see. I mean the *mention* of it. I feel much better for it. These stars are beautiful. I wish we had a moon."

"So do I!" responded Buckle, enthusiastically, dimly seeing an opening for the necessary kind of woman talk.

There was a pause for some three minutes, during which Mrs. Godfrey patted the round of the stool with her little gaiter. But ah! she did not know what gigantic struggles were going on in the bosom at her elbow! Or did she know and enjoy them? Perhaps. Women, like babies, know a great deal more than we men are apt to give them credit for.

The fact is that Buckle was thinking over his little repertoire of lunar and astral poems—the magazine whence he extracted his final weapons of defensive warfare when brought to bay by a woman, and Maud had failed. He was wondering which he would quote first—also whether he might not be obliged to go on through a whole poem if he began a stanza—also whether it were best to quote at all.

Out of this delirious state of uncertainty he plunged with all a modest man's desperate recklessness, by forcing himself to hear the sound of his own voice. This would commit him to *something*—reassure him also.

"Speaking of the moon, don't you like Longfellow, Mrs. Godfrey?"

"Yes, indeed—I *love* him."

"That's a sweet thing of his which begins

"'The night has come, but not too soon,'

("Wouldn't this be as good a place as any to stop at? Oh no! I haven't got the *moon* in yet.)

"'And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon—'

("Now I *can* hold up! No, I can't; there isn't any sense in it: the moon's got to do something.)

"'Drops down behind the sky.'

("There! she's done it.")

"Yes, I remember it very well. Do you know the rest of the lines?"

Buckle groaned in spirit; then, with bare two second intervals for breath, repeated them continuously from beginning to end.

"I am very, *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

Another internal groan, followed by a recitation of

"The day is done, and the darkness," etc.

"I am very, *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

Groan internal No. 3, accompanied by a growing sense of resistless motion down a steep acclivity without certainty of stopping short of the bottom. This preceded the recitation of

"Oh that it were possible!"

"I am very *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

If Mr. Buckle had been compelled to recite his little verses with a similar pleasant alternative to that on which Scheharazade complied with the request, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, relate to me one of those little narratives which you relate so well," he could not have been more thunder-struck than he was by this fourth invitation from Mrs. Godfrey. He had heard of "quizzing"—but heretofore no lady of all his slight acquaintance had ever had the hardihood to try it on him. In general ladies liked him, but with a certain feeling of unattainability—as you or I would like a coach-and-four. They did not know the solemn reality of Buckle well enough to play with it. "But," thought Buckle, remembering that he had heard of quizzing, "I wonder whether *this* isn't the thing?"

The expression of his face just then—seen in the pale starlight which he had been so desperately be-rhyming—was of a kind which this slender pen forbids me to portray, save by saying that it was indescribable, and that after holding in before it as long as there was any probable chance of salvation for her basque buttons, Mrs. Godfrey gave way to an uncontrollable burst of "cachinnatory silver." Silver is proper novelesque for ladies' laugh, I believe.

"Don't—you—ha-ha-ha-ha—know any thing else?" said Mrs. Godfrey.

Mr. Buckle was silent. Also hurt. Also offended. It was rude. It was the rudest thing he ever saw. It was inexplicable. (It might not have been had he been aware how *that Piper* had told Mrs. Godfrey that his friend knew all the poetry in the English language, and kept it to talk to ladies.)

Mrs. Godfrey reined herself up—kept Buckle company in blushing (though rather too late, as he very properly thought)—put her hand upon his arm with a timid, gliding motion, as she would propitiate her squirrel—and said,

"I *do* beg your pardon—I *do, sincerely*. I have given you a beautiful opinion of my good-breeding."

"Oh, not at all—not at all!" answered Buckle, in his flurry, more anxious to gratify his pacable tendency than to express himself complimentarily.

"I am perfectly ashamed of myself," the little widow continued, in a soft and penitent voice; "but the fact is that we poor women hear so much poetry from gentlemen that we begin to believe that is the original channel of conversation between the two. Now look at *me!* On the honor of a lady, who, to be frank, has lived twenty-six years, I never talked *poetry* since I was born. I talk *prose*. I always *have* talked prose. I always expect to. I understand it."

"Bless my soul!" thought Buckle; "this creature has told me *her age!* I had heard they *never* do! And she is *twenty-six!* I never knew any of them were over twenty-five at the limit, but my mother."

Mrs. Godfrey went on: "When I asked you if you didn't know *any thing else*, I *meant*, to be frank with you again, a *double-entendre*."

What a peculiarly delicious effect "frank with you" has, coming from a woman's lips! Buckle, beneath it, became like molasses candy before a school-girl.

Still further continued Mrs. Godfrey:

"I meant, don't you know any thing about travels, or history, or geology, or even metaphysics? Politics too, which I dote on—and art, and all sorts of general incidents? I know you *do!* that's the reason I ask you. You read *immensely*—you know almost every thing that's worth knowing—you are a very, *very* learned man! And—will you believe it?—I'm really not afraid of that kind of people at all! We poor little women have to spend so much time in toilets and insipid calls—for that's the kind of life you bad, monopolizing men force us to adopt—that we have no leisure, no constitution left for any books that will not read themselves without an effort on our part. Suppose you had danced in every set from ten o'clock in the evening till two the next morning; then slept till eleven; then cut up your day till five into little ten-minute fribbles of talk with people who are so stupid that you'd no sooner think of calling on them than on the lay-figures at Dibblee's, if you weren't compelled to do it or lose your entree; then gone home to dress for dinner and eat dinner; and, finally, finished up Tuesday night exactly like Monday, would you find strength or time to *read?*"

Buckle shook his head solemnly. It was the only answer he could give in his amazement at hearing the creature talk after such a fashion.

"No, of course you wouldn't! So that poetry is the extremest thing that we poor little women can attempt. As a matter of course, we know *that* pretty well—as any body would who gave all the remnants of her mind to it. Now I know you're an excellent Italian scholar, so you understand '*Donna e mobile;*' and you're a man, so you hold it for Gospel truth besides. We *are* changeable; at least to the extent of not loving to do the same thing in the same way with the same people and the same aggravations, all the day long and all the year round, like a horse in a mill. So would *you* be!"

Mr. Buckle rubbed his forehead. It was unprecedented. It was an earthquake of astonishment. Wasn't she a man who wrote articles for some art newspaper in woman's clothes?

At length he burst forth with childlike fervor,

"Mrs. Godfrey, you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!"

"Not a bit of it!" laughed the widow, tossing off the compliment with a witching little shake of her rigolette. "I know fifty women as sensible. Yes, a hundred. And I believe that if all of them who know you were as little afraid of you as *I* am (more's the pity for my politeness, perhaps you'll say), ninety-nine out of a hundred would tell you the same sensible truth that I do."

"But suppose I talked what I read—metaphysics or politics, you know, or something like that, which they call dry—wouldn't a lady laugh at me?"

"That's just the point! What need is there of talking just what a man reads? Why can't he talk *about* what he reads with his own thoughts, if he has any, added? When you're interested in a new discovery in geography, and go across the way to converse about it with Cousin Piper, you don't run on in this way for instance: 'It will be remembered by all our readers that on the twenty-seventh day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the author, accompanied by sixty-nine natives, each carrying a wooden spear and six boxes of matches, set out for the mountain of Bullygooroogooroo, which he ascertained to be exactly five hundred thousand feet above the level of the sea, well wooded with tapioca, damson plums, and pond lilies, and precisely eight hundred and six miles twenty-five rods in circumference.' That isn't the style, is it? You don't commit a book to memory, do you? You read it, then cast it over in your mind, and talk that new cast. Unless you are talking to us women—in which case you give us the real thing verbatim, with the rhymes all right, and not a foot dislocated or sprained in the whole of it! Thank you kindly, but we have the same thing on our center tables in better binding—blue and gold. I was going to say, 'instead of at least *half* calf,' but I won't, for the joke's not new nor delicate either."

Mr. Buckle laughed heartily at the widow's report of that verbatim talk on travels. This was a point gained. He could not have laughed unless the terrible creature had recently become a shade less terrible. So much more did he feel at ease that, for answer to her little oration, he indulged in one of his own. He had written and committed it to memory years before, when he was not quite sure but he should devote himself to the profession of a highly successful popular lecturer making ten thousand per annum.

It began like this: "Yes, indeed! The mind of a man is not a *sponge* but a *crucible*. He who merely draws knowledge in and pours it out unaltered does his neighbor a wrong—cheats him of the additional value which he should have impressed upon it by reflection. The true and honest intellect receives facts, melts them in the proportions of its favorite alloy, then crystallizes them into new systems and theories, runs them into ingots in the mold of its own peculiar thinking, or stamps them for rare, correntable coins in the royal minting-mill of Genius. Thus, when they come forth again to pass for value in the uses of the world, they are gems that attract men to Truth by a new brilliancy, golden bars purified for the purpose of some other mind's re-manufacture, or coins whose novel form and authoritative stamp carry them through wider areas of mental traffic, and give them a worth and credit which mankind never before perceived, passing them by unnoticed in their cruder forms."

This was substantially what Mr. Buckle was inveigled into getting off. I say *inveigled*, for when he had given merely this exordium of the forty foolscap pages, he caught himself suddenly with the thought—"Can *I* be *Buckle*—the man who is talking thus to a *woman?*"

Mrs. Godfrey was as much surprised as he was. Though a lyceum lecture is not the best kind of *talk* for any body, still it was such an advance toward the right kind of thing, so far beyond bashful reserve, awkward small-talk, or quotations, that she could hardly believe it was Buckle more than that gentleman himself. She sat listening with fixed admiration, and when he abruptly concluded, replied,

"What beautiful ideas! *Those* are not quoted, *are* they?"

"I believe they are my own, Ma'am."

"I thought so. Will you talk to me a great deal in that way between here and Savannah?"

Mr. Buckle faintly replied "Yes," and wondered whether he could remember the whole lecture.

"Do you draw?" she asked, after a pause.

"A little, Ma'am, for my own amusement."

"And understand mineralogy?"

"I have studied it."

"I thought so! What you've just been saying about crystals gave me the impression. Now here's an idea. I'm one of those dreadfully ignorant little women I spoke of a moment ago, who never have time to learn or do any thing. But I've always wished *so* much to study mineralogy! We haven't any minerals on board, have we?"

"Coal," said Buckle, after grave reflection. "That would dirty your hands though."

"I don't care! I can wash them."

"And salt," added Buckle, as the result of wider consideration. "That wouldn't be open to the same objection."

"To be sure! And, as you draw, you can make me pictures of the other minerals. Capital! Won't I be a wise woman when we get to Savannah!"

And the little witch clapped her hands for glee and scientific enthusiasm. Buckle felt sensations of gratification at being good for something, useful to somebody, such as he had not experienced since he used to hold his mother's skeins.

"I feel much better for this open air—especially, too, for this conversation—it has kept me stirring, which is the best thing to prevent sea sickness. But I think, if you please, that I'll go down now."

As Mrs. Godfrey said this, Mr. Buckle arose, took the stool out of her way, and offering her his arm with a novel resemblance to gallantry which was astonishing in such a beginner, led her down to the cabin. [Conclusion next week.]

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 1, 42, 11, 24, 4, 26 was a Roman philosopher and orator.
My 21, 6, 21, 3, 30, 11, 38, 15, 21 was a palace in ancient Thebes.
My 29, 19, 4, 39, 10, 22, 32, 27 was a celebrated Athenian philosopher.
My 8, 24, 4, 41, 21, 1, 34, 17 was a distinguished Indian chief.
My 4, 41, 6, 35, 10, 3 was an eminent Irish orator.
My 25, 15, 42, 3, 10, 37, 2, 27, 13, 26 was the scene of a battle in the Mexican war.
My 25, 16, 27, 2, 35, 7, 29 was a king of Egypt.
My 1, 28, 6, 23, 5, 11, 14, 36, 33, 26, 3, 24 was one of the early Governors of Massachusetts.
My 40, 9, 20, 34 was one of the most celebrated cities of antiquity.
My 2, 10, 12, 28, 1, 30, 11 was a President of the United States.
My 16, 23, 30, 21, 10, 27, 1, 40, 19, 3, 24 was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 18, 7, 22, 4, 17 was a Governor of the Connecticut Colony.
My 31, 39, 10, 27, 5, 33 was a general in the Revolution.
My whole is a true saying.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1861. J. Martin Brainerd.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 6, 9 can be found in every city.
My 2, 7, 5 is on every shoemaker's bench.
My 3, 2, 7, 5 accompanies every ship.
My 4, 2, 9, 1 is the farmer's capital.
My 5, 2, 7, 3, 8, 9 can be found in any village.
My 6, 2, 9 is used by sailors.
My 7, 2, 9 is a curse to any nation.
My 8, 9, 2 embraces many years.
My 9, 8, 2, 1 is composed of many sheets.
My whole is the name of an ancient ship.

Waverly, N. Y., 1861. Frank T. Scudder.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

A man being asked the age of himself and son, answered: "My age is six times my son's age, and the sum of the squares of the numbers representing our ages is 5328." What were their ages?

Clymer, N. Y., 1861. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

"I have a piece of land in the form of an equilateral triangle, and the radius of the inscribed circle is 10 rods. What is the area of the lot?"

Sand Lake, Rens. Co., N. Y., 1861. O. K.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMATICAL CHARADE.

My first is one of the most useful letters of the English language. My second is a kind of cake. My third is what most young persons love to engage in. My whole is what every one desires.

Hampden Co., Mass., 1861. R.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Terms in Advance:

Subscription—Two Dollars a Year. To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15; Fifteen, and one free, for $21; Twenty, and one free, for $25; and any greater number at same rate—only $1.25 per copy,—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers directed to individuals and sent to as many different Post-Offices as desired. As we pre-pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the Rural. The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is $2.50—including postage.